

The North American Review

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Middle East Myths

To the Editor:

"Human kind," wrote T. S. Eliot, "cannot bear very much reality." We are said to live by allegiance to a variety of subjective and unreal assumptions which serve as antidotes to unpalatable realities. This is probably a sound comment on human emotional and intellectual frailty and I suspect that most of us move through life shedding and acquiring myths of one kind and another, big and small, about people and things.

If there be a law of myths it probably runs as follows: myths proliferate naturally in size and number in direct proportion to the emotional charge of any given situation and the degree of ignorance of that situation. Myths can of course be purposefully planted to deflect the gullible away from the truth, when the purpose in mind is to camouflage truth. Seen in this context, I cannot help but feel that the catalogue of "myths" on the Israel-Arab conflict as suggested by Mr. Basheer K. Nijim [NAR, Winter 1969] is somewhat contrived.

"First has been the presumption that the conflict is a religious one . . . A second myth which has pervaded discussion of the Arab-Israel confrontation is that the conflict is a function of the cold war . . . A third myth is that Arab nationalism is a 'reaction to the creation of Israel' . . . A fourth myth is that Israel is a democratic state."

It fails to address itself to the basic misunderstandings, dealing instead with debating points not fundamental to the crucial issues. How many

thinking people really believe that the conflict, at root, is a religious one? Few, I'm sure. Likewise, no one to my mind has ever seriously suggested that Arab nationalism is a mere reaction to the creation of Israel. As for the cold war, it has long been realized and universally accepted that the Soviet role in the Middle East has done much to exacerbate tensions and undermine the chances of a settlement. And it is authoritatively confirmed that Israel's political structure, free press, election system and legal framework make it the one true parliamentary democracy in the Middle East.

There are, to be sure, myths that do becloud the Arab-Israel conflict, but the four suggested above cannot be claimed — outside the propaganda realm — as having contributed to its persistence. The unreal assumptions at play in the area itself are the ones that are really relevant because they actually serve to inspire political doctrines that have disastrous impact and implication. So long as myths of this calibre persist, peace in the Middle East is unattainable, no matter how skillful are the political formulations for it conceived from the outside.

The Arab view of Israel is the most significant and dangerous myth of all, the view that the State of

Israel is itself a myth. In official Arab thinking, Israel is a non-State, an artificial nationhood, a rootless conglomeration of refugee migrants, a society of foreigners, "a cancer that has to be excised from the body of the Middle East."

It is estimated that over the years something like 700 books have appeared in Arabic on the Israel-Arab confrontation, directed to Arab audiences. With few exceptions their authors deal variously with the theme of the inevitability of Israel's physical destruction, disintegration, erosion, break up, or disappearance. Israel cannot endure, runs the intrinsic thesis, because it is an artificial creation and hence must one day collapse, whether it be on the field of battle — which all admit will constitute a difficult war — or, given time, domestically from within. As an illustration of the idea, there are Arab publicists who never fail to write the word Israel without placing the name in quotes.

The real tragedy in the Middle East is this refusal of the Arab nationhood to come to terms with the Israeli nationhood. Israel has no rights and must therefore be eliminated; this is the underlying doctrine that inspired the famous Khartoum resolution of the Arab heads of state in September, 1967. It described the "main principles to which the Arab states adhere" as being "no peace with Israel, no recognition of Israel, no negotiations with it." Herein lies the refusal of Arab Governments to negotiate directly with Israel, for negotiation would imply both recognition and the prospect of reconciliation. We are thus witness to a conflict in which one of the parties to it, the Arabs, seeks victory in terms of the elimination of the

The North American Review welcomes correspondence from its readers. Comments of fewer than 500 words are, in general, preferred, and the editors reserve the right to make expedient alterations without changing the writer's intent. All letters are assumed to be available for publication unless the writer stipulates otherwise.

other. This is without precedent in the family of nations, for the issue is not, in the final analysis, the delineation of borders, but the very existence of a state.

Israel with its 2,500,000 people has posed no danger to Arab nationalism, whose independence embraces 14 sovereign states and 100,000,000 people across 4,000,000 square miles. The threat has been totally directed at Israel. Israel's military initiative has been, in every instance, in response to Arab military threat against its very existence. In 1948 Israel accepted the borders of the UN partition resolution until assaulted by Arab invasion. In 1956, Israel struck out in the Sinai Peninsula against the incursions of the Egyptian *fedeyeen* and then withdrew in return for international guarantees. In 1967 Israel moved against the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba and the Arab military encirclement because the international guarantees proved impotent. Each Arab defeat, coming in the wake of Arab military pressure and threat, has been accompanied by an Arab outcry of Israeli expansionism. This myth of expansionism has, paradoxically, been engendered by the Arabs' own policy and behavior, just as Israel's appeal now for secure boundaries is the product of that 22-year-long Arab posture.

Arab leaders, if they are to be intellectually honest, cannot indefinitely avoid the reality of Israel as being something more than a myth, an aberration, a conspiracy to be attacked and blockaded ad-infinitum. Sooner or later Arab intellectuals, at least, must begin to ask themselves pertinent questions about what Israel really is and represents. There is reason to believe that some now are not totally satisfied with the official descriptions and adjectives in which Arab propaganda abounds like "Israeli colonialism," "imperialism," and the like. One looks forward to the day when there will be many who will display readiness to reappraise in objective and critical spirit the assumptions to which they have clung for so long and which have spawned only arid warfare, human

misery, and the untold wastage of resources that should go to needy populations. Ernest Renan once wrote of nationhood: "A nation is a soul, a spiritual principle. To share a common glory in the past, a common will in the present; to have done great things together; to wish to do them again — these are the essential conditions of being a nation." It is a definition eminently applicable to the reality of Arab nationhood. It applies in equal measure to the reality of Israel's nationhood. Historically the two complement each other. The aberration is not the revival of Israel's sovereignty in the territory which throughout history has only known one sovereignty — Israel's; it lies in the Arab alienation of Israel's nationalism. Ultimately the two must come together in parallel and reciprocal course, for such is the ultimate destiny of the Middle East. To exclude the concept of Israeli nationhood from that area is to truncate and violate the region's history, geography and heritage. The fact that Israel's sovereign rebirth was the product of the repatriation of a long dispersed and exiled peoplehood does not detract from national attachment; it affirms it with impressive intensity.

This is the profound truth that the Arab intellectual is challenged to ponder. He is called upon to clinically assess the charge of colonialism against the fact that the people of Israel are cultivating the same soil their forefathers tilled. He is asked to measure the notion of artificial nationhood against the truth that this people speak the same tongue, uphold the same faith, live by the same cultural heritage, and bear the same name in the same land as their ancestral fathers 3,000 years ago, long before the emergence of an Arab nation. He is urged to grapple with the phenomenon of the depth of this people's physical, cultural, and spiritual roots, and perhaps then he will begin to understand why, when threatened, they are ready to sacrifice themselves the way they do.

The organic peace process in the Middle East will begin on the day Arab nationalism adjusts itself to

these truths and liberates itself from the false assumptions in which Israel has been treated as a state for the purpose of war and as a myth for the purpose of peace.

Adi Ben-Israel

*Prof. of Engineering Sciences
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Evanston, Illinois 60201*

(A response from Mr. Nijim will appear in the Letters columns of our next issue.—Ed.)

Conservation Bonds

To the Editor:

Congratulations to you people on the conceptualization planned for the United States Conservation Bonds. I like the idea and I would hope that it will see a lot of success. I can see it having a very positive influence in the sense of "savings" for school children who may buy conservation stamps. Historically, all we have ever saved was money, and it is high time we thought about saving the environment!

David G. Barry

*Vice President and Provost
The Evergreen State College
Olympia, Washington*

To the Editor:

Your suggestion for selling United States conservation bonds is appealing, and could generate broad popular support, especially if more conventional forms of Congressional funding prove inadequate.

*Edmund S. Muskie
U. S. Senator*

To the Editor:

Thanks for the report on the Conservation Bond idea. It is quite interesting, and I think deserves to be considered along with other environmental financing proposals that are being made. You have put your finger on one of the fundamental needs: A sense on the part of citizens that they can do something about these problems, and that they should become personally involved.

*Gaylord Nelson
U. S. Senator*

PEG MULLEN AND THE PRESIDENT: An Account and an Editorial

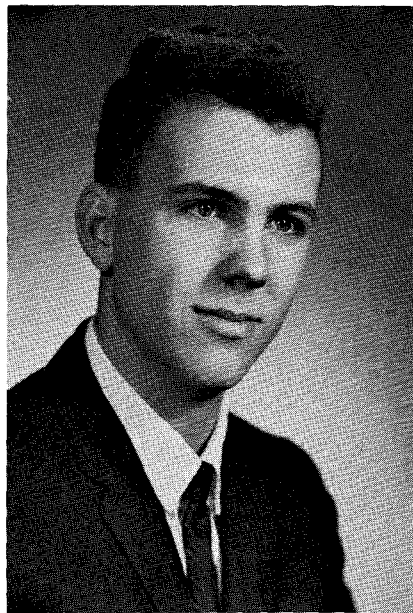
Of the one-hundred-forty acres Gene and Peg Mullen work on their farm in Black Hawk County, Iowa, forty acres were originally homesteaded in the late 1840s by Gene's great-grandfather, an Irish immigrant (born on the Isle of Wight) who left his wife and daughter to make his opportunity here. Framed on a wall of the downstairs family-room is a copy of the formal land grant, dated 1852 and signed by President Franklin Pierce.

Peg's ancestors in America arrived considerably earlier than her husband's; they came to help found the New Haven Colony, in 1643, and from time to time various members of her family—named Goodyear—have laid claim to this patriotic aristocracy by belonging to the DAR. Peg herself is not of that society; she is in fact so little a joiner that she has never quite managed to settle in to a suitable Catholic parish—not because there are so few parishes in this heavily Methodist and Lutheran corner of the world, but because none have precisely suited her conscience.

Out of this richness of Iowa land and American history, the Mullens have created a life and a family. Of their two daughters, one is a student at the University of Iowa, the other at Rockhurst College, in Kansas City. The younger son will begin college in the fall. The older son, Michael, was in his second year of graduate study—in biochemistry—at the University of Missouri when he was drafted and sent to Vietnam; on February 18th of this year, at the

age of 25, he was killed near Chu Lai.

It is one index to the widening chasm between the Nixon Administration and many Americans whose roots reach deep into the heritages of



Michael E. Mullen

their country that, since the death of their son, the Mullens have been treated officially as if their sacrifice were of trivial moment. From the notification of his death (in which Michael's name was misspelled), Gene and Peg Mullen have been treated by their elected government in ways which in the best of times would seem insulting, and, in these

worst of times, insensitive. Consider, for example:

When the Mullens specified the honor guard to accompany their son's body from the Oakland Army Base to his home—a right accorded the next-of-kin of all war victims—their request was arbitrarily denied. (Pressure from Iowa's Senator Hughes was required to persuade the Pentagon to abide by its own rule.)

Shortly after the body was returned to Iowa, the Mullens were sent a *blank* pay voucher, and asked to sign it. They refused, and asked for an accounting of all moneys owed their son. (That accounting, reproduced on page six, illustrates the kind of indecent objectivity armies live by—subtracting, as it does, the cost of leave-time Michael didn't survive long enough to accrue.)

Of two letters of condolence sent by Mr. Nixon, the first was accompanied—in the same envelope—by two of his speeches defending the American adventure in Southeast Asia. It was on the basis of this inappropriateness that the Mullens returned the second (and official form) letter of regret unopened, with "Arrived too late" scrawled across its face.

(When they later pressed for details concerning their son's death, the Mullens received conflicting accounts; one placed him some 400 miles from the spot where he was actually killed. The official notification specified that Michael was the



PHOTOS BY RICHARD BROOK

victim of “friendly” fire—when a South Vietnamese artillery unit opened fire on his platoon—a circumstance which means that his death was not included on the Pentagon’s weekly tally sheet. The week Michael was killed, the published count of American dead was put at 88, and later revised upward to 123. During the corresponding time, 217 American corpses were processed through the Oakland Army Base—the kind of discrepancy which has led some observers to guess that the actual number of American dead in Southeast Asia may be as much as twice the current total of approximately 42,000.)

* * *

Certainly no one can expect the military to be a model of decency and kindness in managing the misfortunes of thousands of American parents during a hectic and controversial war. Thus there is small chance—and little enough to be gained—for the Mullens to discover all the details of the loss of their son, or to regain the expensive camera

and wristwatches which were never returned with his personal effects, or to reconstruct the sensibilities of the army’s commander-in-chief.

Still, the Mullens have been “radicalized” in ways that would never have occurred if Michael had come safely home to resume his studies—he had been accepted to continue his second graduate year at Missouri, and had paid his fees, shortly before his death—and they are almost compulsively active in the cause of ending the Indochina war.

The “gratuity” money sent them by the army (a dead soldier is given the equivalent of six months’ base pay) the Mullens have spent on newspaper ads—chiefly in the *Des Moines Register*—designed to rally the conscience of their fellow citizens and especially their fellow parents against the continuation of the war. One ad, unprofessional in layout but compelling in content, represented each of Iowa’s more than 700 war dead with a small black cross whose repetitions seemed to transform the newspaper page into a very grave-

yard. Another, constructing a larger cross made up of the words SILENT and SILENCE, urged readers to give tongue to their dissatisfaction with the uses made of their sons.

It is this latter emphasis—putting an end to the conspiracy of silence they feel has licensed the prolonging of the Indochina war—which has commanded most of the Mullens’ time and energy during the past four months. Through the newspaper campaign, through contacting the parents of other soldiers killed, through interviews with press and radio representatives, the Mullens—and especially Peg Mullen—have tried to organize a letter-writing campaign unparalleled outside recent Republican Committee efforts engineered from the White House.

The ambition—to be able to say by July 1st that they *know*, because they have carbons or confirmations from the letter-writers, that one million anti-war letters have been sent to Washington—is one which the Mullens may find unrealizable. Yet what they are learning from the

ITEMIZATION OF PAY FOR THE PERIOD 1-18 FEB 70
FOR E-5 MICHAEL E. MULLEN
US 54 932 254 SSAN 480 62 8411

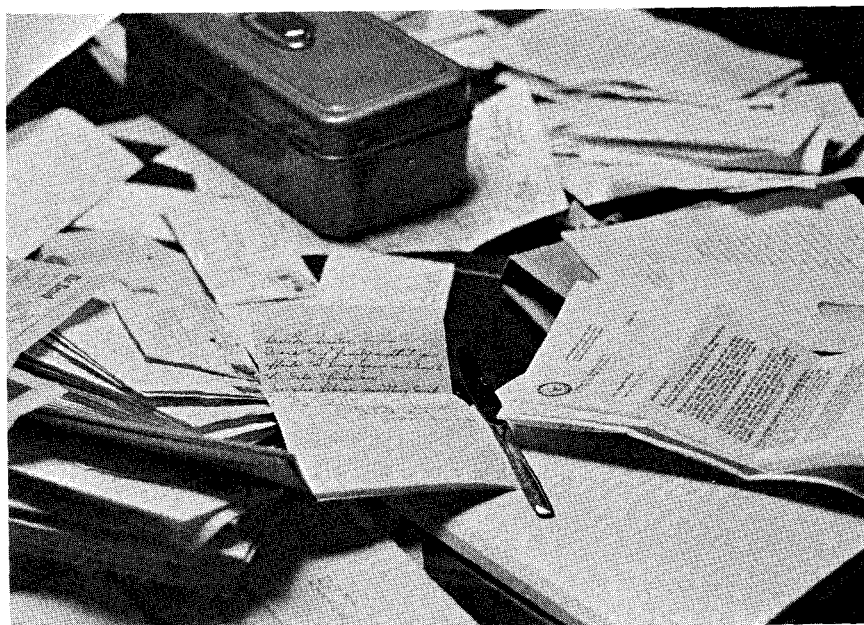
CREDITS

Amount unpaid January 1970	\$661.31
Base pay (E5) 1-18 Feb 70 @ 275.40 a month	165.24
Diff base pay, 1-31 Jan 70 275.40 & 254.70	20.70
Refund class B1 allotment deduction Jan 70	12.50
Foreign duty pay 1-18 Feb 70 @ 13.00 a month	9.60
Hostile fire pay 1-18 Feb 70 @ 65.00 a month	39.00
Refund class B1 allotment deduction Jan 70	6.25
Amount unpaid Jul 69	.61
FICA adjustment (3.26, doubled in credits)	6.52
Total	\$921.73

DEBITS

Class E almt, 1-18 Feb 70 @ 20.00 a month	\$ 12.00
Class E almt, 1-18 Feb 70 @ 60.00 a month	36.00
Servicemen's Group Life Insurance	2.00
Partial pay, 13 Feb 70	661.00
Overpayment class E almt March 70	20.00
Due US, 9 days exc leave 23-31 Aug 69, collected	67.92
Base pay 23-31 Aug 69 @ 254.70 a month	11.88
Leave rations 23-31 Aug 69, 9 days @ 1.32 a day	1.28
Clothing allowance 23-31 Aug 69 @ 16¢ a day	3.26
FICA adjustment on 67.92	8.93
FICA tax on 185.94	8.93
Total	\$824.27

Total Credits	\$921.73
Total Debits	824.27
Balance Due	\$ 97.46



KINDS OF DOCUMENTS: In its cover letter with the itemization above, the army notes, "Members on excess leave are not entitled to pay and allowances; therefore, pay and allowances were collected for the period 23-31 August 1969, the period of excess leave." At left, an accumulation of one day's mail at the Mullen home.

letters pouring in to their LaPorte City address—some 20,000 in the first three months—seems already enough to confirm the value of their attempt. They have had unexpectedly strong support from men fighting in Southeast Asia—enough to prompt the military to censor letters both *from* them and *to* them (one official with a nice sensitivity to the proprieties of language even took the trouble to strike the word “censored” from a GI letter and to write in the correct spelling)—and before the censorship began they learned that newspaper stories about the Mullens are regularly posted on war zone bulletin boards.

They also pick up a certain amount of unlikely military information—not only on such general topics as the low state of American morale and the almost universal American distrust of the ARVN (South Vietnamese) troops, but on the actual disposition of American units; thus, for example, the Cambodian invasion came as no news to the Mullens, for a letter from an American soldier (received the first week in April) told of his unit’s actions across the Cambodian border.

More striking—if not entirely surprising—is the discovery that the Nixon administration rarely, if ever, acknowledges mail critical of its policies, while letters of praise get a swift response. It is this attitude of apparent contempt for the views of all its citizens which seems to us most shocking in the posture of the present government. Never mind that it would be hard to find a more *genuinely* patriotic group than the parents of men who have died for their country; it is inexcusable for any presidential régime to ignore the concerns of those it pretends to serve.

* * *

Sitting in the Mullen kitchen over an informal supper, one has the impression that it is not bitterness, but a version of reciprocal contempt which Gene and Peg feel in the wake of Michael’s death. Peg, especially—fifty-two years old and tough and pretty—remains the model of the humane parent, and she has the confidence and the outspokenness of a

woman who knows she has succeeded as a mother. Gene’s is a more quiet outrage—every bit as strong as his wife’s, but cloaked in the sort of reticence expected of men who work with their hands; only from time to time will he draw visitors aside and talk to them, face to face, with an intensity that suggests feelings too-long pent up.

Between them the Mullens represent, it seems to us, the last best hope for the preservation of this America all of us claim to love—this America which stumbles on from day to day under the supposed leadership of a

government which abuses its authority then pretends the abuse is its prerogative, and has moved month by month from incompetence to petulance to outright arrogance. What matters now is a return to reason, and to the actions reason demands.

Ultimately, the concern of men and women like the Mullens is not with the unhappy likelihood that a son has died in vain, but with the desire that their own lives—and their own roots—not be undercut by the illness of a democracy they have done so much to keep healthy.

—Robley Wilson, Jr.

AN OLD PIECE OF PAPER



FRANK MILLER, REPRINTED FROM THE DES MOINES REGISTER

- Voter Registration in the South
- Traditions Down East

Louisiana

Martha and me through wet grass to the courthouse door. And in. To the cool archival shades. We stood in the dim and echoing hallway of the place, letting our bodies cool. Two water fountains at the far end stood side by side like a minstrel team, small rectangles of unfaded paint behind them on the wall. Where signs had been taken down. The water in them separate and distinct, but no longer marked. They made little machine sounds as we stood there.

Martha had become politically aware in this building, working one summer for the Clerk of Courts down in the musky filing rooms. She had uncoiled the patchwork tanglement of law that clogged our lives. She knew mysterious things. Secret things, from deep in the tightest convolutions of the Napoleonic Code. And the knowledge had made her wary.

The knowledge, too, had had its effect on me. Early in our marriage I was told the rules. Requirements I must meet. I was to wear my good clothes out into the world and take them off at home. I was to hang them up. I was to put my shoes into the closet when I was not wearing them. I was to keep my sandals on the porch. I was to try very hard not to lose my wedding ring. I was to provide at least enough money for one meal a day, a place to sleep, and an indoor toilet. But most important of

all, I was to vote. Voting was her overriding passion.

And so we stood cooling in that hallway outside the office of the Registrar of Voters. The doors were heavy glass and made a long pneumatic sound as we went through. I followed Martha to the main desk, standing docile and patient while the powdered, aging lady gave us cards. We took them to a smaller desk to fill them out, each of us unique and individual. We had our own statistics, Martha and me. We could be described separately or together. The knowledge made us droll.

When I had finished with my card I looked up. Martha's face reflected business. When she was through we took them to the person at the desk.

"I'll be with you in a moment," she said. She moved off with intricate efficiency, wasting no motion. Her powder came through pungent in the air.

We watched the street, then, from the big courthouse windows. The heat was almost tangible. It came up off the asphalt like a smell, almost ringing in the air. Shimmering the buildings on the other side. A fine dust of water had begun to collect at the corners of the panes.

A throat cleared. She was back. She picked up the cards. "All right. Have you filled these out?"

They always look at me.

"Yes," I said. She looked over mine, ticking as she read.

"All right." A brisk, judicial smile. Then Martha's. The ticking stopped

about half way. Small plosive from behind the card. The card faltering, steadying, and the eyes above it now at Martha.

"What's *this*?"

Martha stood solid, innocence gathered at her eyes. Mild, and pleasant.

"What?" she asked.

"*This*." The card ticked softly to the desk. The pencil pointed. Martha leaned down, her business face focused at the pencil's end. The woman's arm trembling slightly. Flesh a pendulum beneath the bone.

"That's my physical description," Martha said. The lady looked around. Behind her, a girl peered furrowedly at her typewriter, oblivious. There was no one else. I could see the faint white line of powder at her neck, above the bodice of her dress, as she turned back to us. I tried to see what was wrong with Martha's card, but I couldn't.

"What's wrong?" I asked, frowning toward the card. The eyes at my throat, then, flat and dry. Opaque. After a long moment, she turned back to Martha.

"Honey," she said tiredly. "You were supposed to put your *color* in here."

Martha peered at the card again, following the tapping pencil to the place. I looked too. There, in the box marked COLOR, Martha had printed in a neat solid line: "BEIGE."

O Martha.

"Oh," she said. Realization dawned carefully in her face. "Well." She

lifted her arm, regarding it critically. Squinting like an engineer, eyeballing distance. "What do you think? It looks pretty much beige to me."

The lady couldn't believe it. A tremor of control went through the arms. Her mouth set, professionally. She took a cigarette from a pink pouch and tamped it on the desk. Quick and feminine. The precision of a bird. The match made a loud noise in the room. She looked at me. Then she looked at Martha. With great care, she arranged the card so that it paralleled the desk.

"Honey," she said. "That means are you white." She tapped the card with her pencil. "You're supposed to put 'WHITE' in there." She flicked her eyes at Martha's blandest face. She had been through much. Her mouth was a straight-line smile, patient and polite and wary.

Martha looked at the soft underside of her arm, cocking her head slightly. She estimated. She stretched the skin of it tightly between two fingers. Yellowish white edged with pink. She shook her head.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I get kind of tannish toward the end of the summer, but that's the sun. Most of the time it's really more of a beige." She reached for the card. "Do you think I should change it to 'TAN'?"

The card was snatched back, away from her. "Really," she said. "I've never known anybody who was white. I mean really *white*. There are albinos, but they're still kind of pink. Aren't they?"

I snorted. I couldn't help it. The two heads snapped up, Martha's carefully surprised, the woman's wetly glaring. The powder was damply white at the base of her neck. I held my arm out toward her, eyebrows shrugging *see?* I was beige too.

Cigarette out, below the desktop, in one deft move. She tried again. "No, Honey. Look. That doesn't mean what color you *really* are. It means your race. Are you a white person or a colored person. That's what you're supposed to put."

Martha's mouth exaggerated O. Sunbreak. Dawn. Sudden illumination, late at night. I do begin to see.

"Oh," she said. "Race." She looked at me, softly laughing at her ignorance. "It means *race*."

She reached for the card and got it. Very carefully, she scratched out "BEIGE". She was about to write again when her face clouded. Curious, confused.

"But why does it say COLOR if it wants race?"

Two palms down on desktop, bearing the heavy weight of control. Whites of the eyes yellowing, narrowed.

"Honey, where are you from?"

"I've lived here all my life," said Martha. "Why?"

"Never mind. If you want to register to vote just put down there whether you're a White or a Negro or what."

Nodding sweet smile of innocence, Martha taking pen to write. She drew one long and steady line through COLOR and wrote in above it in a careful script, RACE. In the smallest of letters in the place below, she wrote, "CAUCASIAN". She handed it back to the lady cheerfully.

The woman took it, glanced at it, and glanced at it again. She looked at it for a long time. Her face considered speech, then dismissed it. She sighed.

"Thank you very much," she said.

"Oh, thank you," said Martha.

Then out. Slow dignity through the hissing doors. The dim hallway, Martha smugly quiet. We walked down to the far end and each of us took a fountain. The water tasted dank, leaving a smell afterward of rust and earth.

Later when I told her it had tasted funny she wondered if I had gone to the wrong one.

—David Hoskins

Maine

There's a sense of order and stability in Harpswell, Maine. It's as if the place has, over the years, more or less worked out the way it wants to be and has become just that.

Harpswell Neck sticks out like a gnarled finger some eight miles into the Atlantic. The whole coastline here

is like that, peninsulas and islands all thrusting themselves against the sea, and between them bays and "guts" in which surprisingly deep water is alternated with dark lines of ledge.

It's a homogeneous community. There are, of course, a number of summer people, but we have no hotels or motels and even the old summer boarding houses have closed. There's no liquor and no beaches. So most of the people who summer here have blood connections with the community. Me, I'm the one who married old Frost Bailey's granddaughter.

Names mean a lot around here. Family names are linked together like the squares in a herring net. They also tie a man to the past.

In larger American towns and in cities, the idea of family background has become tainted by social competition and hypocrisy. But here there's not much span between those with the least and those with the most. Then too, every family has members who have made out well and those who are just scraping along. You take the Coffins. Some of them have stuck to their lobstering. But then there was Bob who spent time with the books, got his education over to Oxford, England, came back here to be a professor at Bowdoin College, and made a name for himself as a poet. His brothers and his cousins go on lobstering.

The sense of order I'm talking about comes in part from knowing where a man came from and how he fits into the fabric of the community. This is why when you see a strange

AN OMISSION

In referring to Flannery O'Connor's book, **Mystery and Manners**, the NAR [Spring 1970] inadvertently omitted the name of Sally Fitzgerald as co-editor of that collection with her husband, Robert Fitzgerald. Our apologies to Mrs. Fitzgerald.

face in Bailey's store or down to the town pier, and if it's clear that he isn't just a summer person, then you ask someone which family he's from. It's like not being satisfied until you've identified some kind of tree you haven't seen before.

Names are built into the land too. From Bailey's store you can see—when the leaves are off the trees—Bailey's Island. The Baileys married into the Stover family, and down the Neck there's Stover's Cove where the best clams come from, and beyond that Stover's Point. The ledges off our place are named for the Brants and those down by my neighbor, Henry Allen, are Wilson's Ledges—a bleak, harsh namesake.

The house we've owned for more than a decade is the Littlefield farm, even though the last Littlefield moved down the road in 1917 and she was a Ransom by the time she moved. But everyone knows that her father was Captain Littlefield. (The title was honorary. It was *his* father and his father's brother who sailed the East Indies route via the Horn.)

But the Littlefields didn't build the house. My neighbor, Henry Allen, claims that they only lived here for a hundred years or so and that originally this was an Allen place. There are Allens up and down the road, and it's hard to trace deeds back further than the 1820s.

Most of the Allens live on the other side of the Neck—on Allen's Point, naturally. But Henry lives on our side not far from where the Allen brothers had their boathouse. They were always referred to collectively as "the Allen brothers" because they were always together and never married. And they looked alike, both having black beards. They didn't farm in the usual sense, nor did they fish. They were scavengers. From the first light of the pre-dawn to well after sunset, seven days a week, winter and summer, one of the Allen brothers sat out on their pier with a brass telescope scanning the bay. About once or twice a day—more with the full-moon tides—they would put the glass away and row out to sea in slow, easy strokes. Sometimes it was only a log, but

more often it would be a timber from a pier or a rib of a ship. They then would row back, slowly and patiently, and the two of them would hoist their harvest into their boat-house. People came from as far away as Brunswick if they needed seasoned oak for a new yoke or a shaft for a wagon.

I can see those quiet, patient men taking their turns on that pier just as clear as any scene. But of course they were dead before I was born.

The cemetery is well kept. Many of the graves have little brass stars on stakes in front of the stone, the green of the corroded brass matching the dull lichen on the marble or slate. These stars mean they died in battle. Some are as recent as the Civil war, but the rest died in 1812 or in the 1770s.

As you look over the names, they seem familiar partly because your neighbors are represented there, but also because these are the names you read on the mailboxes as you drive from Harpswell Center down the Neck to South Harpswell.

Feelings ran high around here when it came to independence. No one was actually Tory, but there was a neighbor down the road who felt we were just too weak to hold out against the full weight of England. So the good townspeople tried gentle persuasion. When that didn't work, they took him out to the woods and buried him up to his neck.

I don't mean to suggest that there is a demand for conformity here. The variations are far greater here than in suburbia. I'm thinking, for example, of Whistling John Stover who rarely spoke but entertained the town with his whistling. Or the Pinkham sisters who summered out on Ram Island without so much as a skiff. They could swim like seals, and were often mistaken for such when they came in for their mail, the old one holding their waterproof leather sack in her teeth.

There's variety in the way people live. But like the man who had reservations about independence, there's limits, too. Today those limits often have to do with property rights. Sometimes when there's been trouble,

the boys will knock at my door and ask politely if they can drive over my fields to the bluff where they can keep an eye on their lobster traps. They ask permission because they respect property. And they're willing to shoot poachers for much the same reasons. As *they* would say, there's limits.

It's an honest life here. Very direct. It is the genuine, live root of such phrases as *rugged individualism* and *personal initiative*. It makes suburban Connecticut where I winter seem dimly monotonous and soft. It makes cities seem sordid.

This is a summer person's view. Then I recall stories from my mother-in-law—scything as a girl in long skirts out on the point, "listening to that mournful bellbuoy and wishing to be anywhere but there." And winters—two months, sometimes, snowed in with the same faces to look at, the same voices and the same wind to listen to day after day. "Tending fires. Seems like we did nothing but tend fires. Work all day to get the place so you could stand it, and then some man would come in and that North wind would drive right up every chimney and you'd be back where you started. Day and night, tending fires."

She moved to the city when she was 18. All her brothers and sisters moved. She married a Stover who had already moved. There isn't a Stover left. Like the settlement out on Birch Island—complete with its own church and school system by 1820; when gold was discovered in California they began leaving the island, and in ten years every home was deserted. That says more about country living than any Currier and Ives print.

When I'm tempted by sentimentality, I recall my own mother's family. They lived in a coastal village very much like Harpswell. Six children in that family. Five out of the six moved to the city. The sixth couldn't. He went mad and spent his life in the state hospital.

There's a sense of order and stability in Harpswell. We who summer here draw from it. But it's those who stay who pay the cost.

—Stephen Minot

TRAVEL

Buying a Car (If You Must) in England

Driving in Europe is great fun. You see the country, meet the people, dodge the tourists and pick your own weather. If it's raining in Rome this morning you can be in Chamonix tonight—and best of all, you can avoid the dreary chore of transferring baggage from airport to taxi to hotel to train to bus. Basically, driving to Rome is as simple as driving to Chicago, but here are a few suggestions (picked up at the knee of that greatest of all teachers) that may serve to augment the gems of highway wisdom contained in the travel folders.

"Shall I buy a car or rent one?"

For heaven's sake, buy one. When you get it home you'll have something you can park, that will give you twenty-five miles to the gallon, and that will handle better and be safer than most of the four-hundred-horse monsters from Detroit. Most important of all, you can save up to a thousand dollars on the purchase price. You can either bring it back with you or ship it. Either way the cost, including duty, on the "used" car should not run more than \$300. At the end of two years you can sell it for as much as you paid for it, and you will have had carefree low cost transportation all over Europe.

"How shall I buy it?"

I'm glad you asked that . . . I am about to introduce you to the Mead system of deficit financing; it works as follows: Go to the bank and borrow the full European price of the car. Since the European price is so much lower, the loan actually represents no more than seventy-five percent of the American value, well within limits for most new-car borrowing. Borrow on a straight note to avoid finance charges and to get the lowest rate possible. Pay off the note over a two year period, renewing at six month intervals. At the end of two years sell the car for approxi-

mately what you paid for it; use the cash for another trip to Europe. Borrow the price of a new car and be on your way again.

Order the car through your local dealer. You won't have to dicker because he normally gets a fixed percentage of the delivered price, which is also fixed. Be very careful in specifying model color, extras, etc., and most important of all, delivery date. I have never had any trouble with delivery, but my friends have. My good luck may be attributed to the fact that I order a delivery date several days in advance of my actual intended date of pick-up. This way, even if the factory is a few days late I am not delayed. Be sure you get a receipt from the home office confirming full payment and all other conditions.

"How about insurance?"

Don't stint on insurance. It's expensive (I paid about \$125 for five weeks coverage) but worth it. Cover yourself right up to the clavicle with everything a good agent can sell you. You can't pick up your new car without insurance, and your American automobile insurance is no good in Europe.

"Driver's license?"

Your own state license is all you need. You *can* spend the extra money for an international driving permit; it's a sexy-looking document for your souvenirs, but not necessary. I've driven all over western Europe and many of the communist countries and no one has ever asked to see my driver's license. But don't get careless; if you have an accident or commit a traffic violation you will need it, so be sure it's valid for the full period of your trip. You can't renew a U.S. driver's license in Belgrade.

"How about service on the car?"

Try to get the first service check in the country where you buy it. This usually comes at one thousand kilo-

meters or 600 miles. I have found that the big service centers in the cities are often so jammed up with work that you may have to wait a week for a lube job, so it is my practice to plan this service in advance and make the appointment before leaving the states. I write to the factory—in my case the British Motor Corporation—and ask for the names of qualified service centers in several towns that I plan to visit. When I receive the list, I plan a 600-mile tour of the country to terminate in one of these towns, write to the dealer, and make a firm time reservation for the service job. It works like a charm. This spring we picked up our MGB in London, drove to Yorkshire and back, had our 600 mile service in Lincoln, and were on our way to the continent.

"How about driving in England; will I have trouble?"

There are two schools of thought on driving in England. The first holds that since you are accustomed to driving on the right-hand side with a left-hand drive car you will adapt more easily to the left-hand side driving of England with a right-hand drive car. The other school insists that, even though you drive on the wrong side of the road in Britain, you will be more at home in your own familiar American drive car. Naturally, the car you buy will be built to American specs and if you use it in England you will, in effect, be sitting in the gutter as you drive.

The first of these arguments made such good sense to me that two years ago I delayed picking up my own car and rented a British job with the right-hand drive. The whole philosophy of right-hand drive for Americans would have been fine for me, *except* that I could never get accustomed to having forty inches of automobile on my left. I drove from Heathrow to Canterbury on the verge

of a severe nervous breakdown. Finally, between Canterbury and Hastings, I whammed into a van parked on the left hand side of the narrow highway just over the brow of a hill (trucks do park on the highway in Britain, but we'll get to that later). The van driver was livid. "What do you expect when you park your damned truck on the highway," I inquired politely. "I pulled the left wheels off the pavement just because of bloody idiots like you," he snarled. At this point a constable came along. "It was your fault, you know," he told me. "Why my fault?" "You drove too close to the van!" There was an inescapable logic in that, since in fact I had ripped one whole rear door from it. At this point I was thankful for a decision made two days before when the car rental people had asked if I wanted to pay an extra two shillings a day for full coverage. My affirmative response protected me here, mollified the van driver with the knowledge that he would, indeed, be paid for the damage and reassured the constable that I was not the total idiot that my driving suggested. I drove the car on to Winchester, called the rental people in London and said "Come and get it." "We don't have an agency in Winchester." "I don't care if you have to send someone all the way from London; come and get it before I kill someone!" Next day I took the train to London, picked up my little MGB with American drive, and never had another moment of trouble.

With this incident still clear in my mind I must recommend American cars for Americans, even in England. I learned something else from this incident too—the wonderful European theory of highway responsibility. Simply stated it is: "A motorist is responsible for whatever is in front of him." If there is a car parked on the highway in front of you, it is your responsibility. Someone in front of you turns without signaling, again your responsibility. You are expected to drive in such a way that you can cope with anything that happens up ahead, and with the confidence that the fellow behind is doing the same.

"Any other problems in the British Isles?"

I said I would remark further about parking on the roadway. Everybody does it. Large vans sometimes pull off far enough on the narrow roads so that a single lane of traffic can get by, but not always. If not, you wait patiently, no cursing or blowing of horns, until the blighter moves on. Be prepared for dark nights in the cities; headlights are not permitted except on the open highway. In town you drive with parking lights, except as you approach an intersection. Here you flash your high beams a few times to warn of your presence (there is a special switch on the foreign-car steering column for this purpose); thus when you look out over the city from a vantage point several stories high it's like a world full of fireflies. I heard a good deal of discussion on the headlight matter in London last spring. One of the main arguments against the use of headlights for night driving was that it would ruin the battery. Amazing!

"Do you take the car ferry from England to the continent?"

Not I! Nor, I hope, will you after you hear about British Air Ferries. This fine airline will fly you and your car from England to France in twenty minutes for about the same price as the regular surface ferry. Or, if you like, to Rotterdam in one hour as compared to a whole day by surface. The big propeller-driven planes are modeled after army equipment carriers. They can transport six European-size cars plus about twenty five passengers. The cars are driven on board, right up a ramp through a huge door in the nose of the aircraft. The passengers are in a comfortable cabin aft. Even if you are inclined to be queasy when aloft, these flights are so short they won't bother you; they're certainly better than a day on the choppy Channel. You leave your luggage in the car so that when you land you are ready to drive away in minutes after the brief immigration and customs rituals. British Air Ferries can actually give you an extra day on the continent. With typical British reticence, they do vir-

tually no advertising or promotion, so the chances are your travel agent has never heard of the service.

"I understand they drive very fast on the continent."

Like madmen, but at least you'll be on the right hand side of the highway, passing on the left as you do at home. There are no speed limits in the open country as a rule, but strict limits in built-up areas. I drove eighty miles an hour in the *slow* lane of the Autostrade from Turino to Milano, while the Citroens and Mercedes went flying by so fast I couldn't read their license numbers.

There's very little horn honking in Europe. If the car behind you intends to pass he will give his headlights a few brief flashes which you will catch in your mirror. Give him room; don't try to race him, especially in Italy. Italian drivers are the most competitive in the world. They will race you at intersections, turn left in front of you and play chicken on busy boulevards. On foot the Italian is a total gentleman except for a pinch here and there. In a motor vehicle he goes utterly ape.

"Is it safe to drive at night?"

I never do, simply because I would rather be doing other things, but it is perfectly safe. There are very few crimes against the person over there; attacks and rapes on lonely roads are virtually unheard of, but in most countries thieves will steal you blind, so lock your car. Leave it unlocked just once and by morning it's likely to be empty.

"Shall I ship the car or bring it back with me?"

I always bring it back. On the newer ships with drive-on, drive-off facilities the cost for an MGB is only about \$200 and you will save much of that on the cost of transportation from New York back home. If you ship it, you will have to pick it up at the nearest port and pay for handling and preparation. If you like to end a trip refreshed, I recommend the ocean voyage home with the car on board.

"Will you do it again?"

And again and again and again.

—Warren Mead

IF YOU'RE BEGINNING TO MISS THE OLD COUNTRY-- READ US.

We can't re-create America's good old days entire—and we can't keep some things from going to Hell in a handbasket—but if you still remember with pleasure the America of a less-perplexing age, so do we. Every three months we publish articles, fiction, poetry, and reviews intended to remind you how good America can still be, and to alert you (alas) to the emerging flaws in its virtue. If you share our faith in the old country, we hope you'll join us as a regular subscriber—and bring your friends along. The NAR is published in the Midwest, too—a place more like the old country (chances are) than where you live now.

The North American *Review*

FOUNDED IN 1815

AMERICA'S FIRST QUARTERLY

LAMBING OUT

A STORY BY MARY CLEARMAN

The weather forecast had predicted that the snow would come in scattered flurries, but instead it began to fall steadily in a deepening blanket over the hills and fences and last year's dead grass. There was no wind, and the snow fell straight down without letting up or increasing all through the day. It fell in a dull rhythm as though no power could make it alter, and what it touched it silenced. By three o'clock it had so darkened the world that the fence posts and telephone poles and occasional cattle drifting ahead of the storm were dim shapes through the white falling curtain, and lights from the scattered ranches were beginning to wink between the shrouded hills and the snow-filled sky. The snow flakes glistened in the reflection of the lights, and kept falling.

The snow was still falling when Nettie Evan got off the school bus at the gate by the barn. She stood out of the way while the bus groaned and spun in the snow and finally lurched back down the road. Its tail lights shone briefly through the snow and were gone. Nettie turned to the gate. The milk cows were waiting to get into the barn, their shaggy winter hair crusted with snow that had melted from their body warmth and frozen again. Nettie pushed a deep swath through the soft snow with the poles of the gate, and let the cows lumber ahead of her with their eyes bulging at the snow and their heavy udders swaying. The snow was capping the corral poles and banking against the barn.

By the time Nettie had reached the house, her scarf and wool coat were crusted with snow, and it was so dark that she could not see the hills that rose up around the huddle of buildings. The willows in the yard were snow-draped and ghostly, and a yellow light beyond them marked the lambing shed. Nettie stopped and looked at the falling snow for a minute before she went inside. It had a monotony that deadened the senses just as it muffled the hills and ranches and even the moving crea-

tures in white. The same flakes seemed to be falling over and over into the growing depth. Nettie thought of the weather forecast they had heard on the radio that morning, and how her father had silently eaten his breakfast and then gone out to look at the ewes that were waiting in the lambing shed. This snowfall was so steady that it might go on for days. Already the snow was six inches deep. There had been no wind today, but if the wind should rise in the night, the snow would drift and the roads would be blocked. Nettie looked down at the school-books in her arms, the senior lit text and the geometry book with the assignment marked. She would probably not get to school in the morning, and the class would be ahead of her again. Holding her books in one arm, she brushed the caked snow off her coat and scarf with the other, and opened the kitchen door.

The heat from the coal range hit her face as she kicked the door shut behind her, and with it came a stench that she could not identify. The kitchen was dark, even with an electric light burning in the ceiling. Nettie's mother was hunched at the kitchen table with an empty coffee mug in front of her, staring out at the snow, and her little sister was squatting down in front of an apple box in the corner by the stove. Nettie set her books down on the oilcloth, and untied her scarf. Her hair was limp and damp under it.

"Look what we got, Nettie," said her little sister. Her eyes were dark blue above her chapped cheeks. Nettie hung her coat and scarf on a nail by the door, and went around the roaring stove so that she could see into the box.

"So that's what smells!"

There were two lambs in the box, limply splayed against one another. Their minute hoofs were yellow and rubbery, and their eyes were closed. At first Nettie thought they were not breathing, but when she looked closely she saw the rise and fall of the woolly sides.

"So the lambing's started," she said. "Fine time to pick."

At the table, her mother stirred for the first time. "Damn good thing he got coal yesterday," she remarked, and fell silent again. Nettie looked around at the unswept

MARY CLEARMAN writes that she is "the fourth generation of a Montana ranching family." She teaches English and drama at Northern Montana College (Havre), and taught previously at the University of Missouri. "Lambing Out" is her first NAR story.

kitchen, at the egg-smeared dishes stacked in the sink, and at her mother's heavy back stretching through her soiled housedress. It was the snow, Nettie thought. Through the kitchen window, the flakes seemed to be spinning. She looked down at the sleeping lambs. The flour sack on which they lay was stained with yellow mucus.

"They're scoured," she said.

"What's scoured?" asked her sister.

"Their milk doesn't agree with them. Makes their bowels run. What kind of milk did they have?"

"Just milk."

"It'll have to be boiled, or they'll die."

The little girl sat on the edge of the box, looking down. Her matted, fair hair was almost white in the light. "They're bums," she said. "Twins. We're going to feed them with a bottle. And I can play with them."

"If they live," said her mother from the table.

"Where's Dad?" Nettie asked. Her mother sat staring out over the coffee cup as though she had not heard. The falling snow spun in the light from the kitchen window.

"Out at the shed," said the little girl. "He went to water the sheep and see if more lambs come."

"Guess I better go help."

The child got up. "Can I come?"

Nettie looked down at her. Her denim overalls were torn, and a thin knee protruded. "You'll have to put on some different clothes," Nettie told her.

"Told you to change your pants this morning, Sylvie," said her mother without turning away from the table. "You've worn 'em for a week."

"Come on," Nettie said. "I'll help you. But hurry up. Poor Dad's carrying water all by himself."

Her mother threw her chair back from the table, making Sylvie jump, and stood up. Carrying her coffee cup with her, she crossed to the stove and filled the cup from the pot. Her hand was shaking, and the coffee splattered and skittered in drops across the top of the range. "I knew those goddamn sheep were a mistake. Too old, for one thing. And he don't take care of 'em right. But you can't tell him—" Returning to the table, she sat down heavily and slopped more coffee on the oilcloth.

Nettie took her sister by the hand and led her up the kitchen stairs to the room under the eaves that they shared. She found an intact pair of overalls for Sylvie, and helped her change. Then she hung her own school clothes behind the curtain that served as a closet, and took down her blue jeans and a darned sweater. As she pulled the sweater over her head and straightened it around her hips, she caught sight of herself in the cloudy mirror that hung over the bureau. The girl peering out at her was anxious-eyed and muscular, with strong legs and thighs under the blue jeans. Her hair was limp. Nettie touched it, thought of taking time to comb it, and changed her mind.

"Come on, Sylvie, get your jacket."

By the time Nettie had bundled up her sister and started her out the back door, her own tracks that she

had made coming home from school were nearly filled with snow. The flakes were still falling in rhythm, but now that it was completely dark, they seemed more erratic. Nettie could feel them on her face and see them whirl in the square of light that fell from the kitchen window. Sylvie stepped high and spraddle-legged, for the snow was nearly to her knees. She put out a hand and caught a few flakes on her mitten; put them to her tongue and tasted.

"Ugh."

"That's your mitten you taste. Wet wool, silly."

Sylvie ran ahead toward the lambing shed, kicking up the snow as she went, then turned and ran back to her sister. The snow had frosted her scarf and sparkled as she turned up her face.

"I like the snow!"

"That's because you haven't been out in it long."

Nettie stopped at the water trough outside the shed and filled the pail that she found there. The water dissolved the snow that had collected in the bucket, and splashed on the ice around the trough as Nettie lifted it out and let her left arm swing out to balance. Sylvie frisked ahead of her, glad to be out of the house.

"Sing!" she called back to Nettie.

"Sylvie say she love me, but I believe she lie—"

Nettie pulled the shed door open, maneuvered through with her pail of water, and blinked for a moment in the light. The shed was a little warmer than it was outside, but the chinking was falling from between the old logs, and the snow was seeping through into the straw bedding. A dirty light bulb burned in the ceiling, where more wisps of straw hung from the reinforcing lath and chicken wire. Straight ahead of her was an aisle between the pens, and at the far end her father was leaning over and watching a ewe, his foot cocked on the bottom board of a panel. He looked up and saw Nettie.

"I got all that side watered. You might start down the other side."

Nettie turned to the first pen. The ewes were separated by rough board panels that could be wired together in different arrangements, depending upon the need. Now they were joined to make individual cubicles for the waiting ewes. Nettie lifted her bucket into the first pen and poured water into the trough. The ewe in the pen backed away and stamped her foot, yellow eyes looking through Nettie, wool caked with filth. Nettie half-emptied her bucket and went on to the next pen.

Her father was still watching the ewe in the end pen when Nettie had filled all the remaining troughs and had hung up the bucket. He shot a look at her as she came to stand beside him, his eyes blue pinpoints in a grizzled face. He rubbed his bristles and turned back to the ewe.

"She going to lamb?" Nettie asked, to give him an opening.

He spat tobacco juice into the straw. "When she gets damn good and ready."

The ewe stopped pacing in her pen and backed into the far corner. She stamped, fidgeted, and stamped again.

Her water was untouched. Nettie leaned on the panel, looking at the white-ringed yellow eyes that were fixed on a point far beyond her. The pupils were oblong and dilated, giving the ewe a wild, malevolent look. Nettie wondered why a sheep's eye seemed to hold so much concentrated and scheming evil, when the truth was that the sheep was the stupidest of animals, too stupid to scheme anything.

Her father shot her a look. "How's your mother?"

"She's not saying anything."

He leaned heavily on the panel and pulled down the brim of his felt hat. "Snow gets to her."

"Nobody likes it much."

"Well—" he spat again into the straw. "You got to be raised to it. Somebody raised in town like your mother, it gets to them."

Nettie watched the ewe. Behind the sheep, where the log walls rose up out of the straw bedding, the bank of fine snow was growing. There was a sifting, then a trickle, and then a gust. Nettie's hand closed on the rough grain of the panel. Far outside the shed and the limits of the bare light bulb, a sound was gathering momentum, howling in the pines high up the ridges and swooping over the crests of the hills until, as though at its climax, it hit the north wall of the lambing shed. The old logs creaked, and more snow gusted in. The ewes were edgy, heads high and eyes wild.

"I should of got up to the haystack today," said Nettie's father.

Nettie stared at him. "How much have we got?"

"Enough for tomorrow."

"Can't you get up to the stack with the tractor?"

"Hope so."

The shed door opened, and Sylvie shot in on the crest of a wave of snow and cold air. The sheep jumped at the disturbance, lurching in their cubicles. Sylvie's nose and cheeks were red, and her dark blue eyes gleamed. "The wind!" she cried. "It blew me over in the snow!"

"Easy!" said her father. "You've scared the ewes."

Sylvie paid no attention to his caution, but ran panting to them. Her scarf had slipped back, and her fair hair rose up over it. Snow was sticking to her eyelashes and melting in her hair, and more snow was crusted up and down her leg and shoulder where she had fallen. She was hopping in excitement.

"You look like a snowman," Nettie told her. "A snow girl."

"She ought to learn to mind," said her father. He hunched his thick shoulders under his coat, and darted a look at Nettie. "No school for you tomorrow?"

"I don't suppose. Not with this wind."

His eyes roved over the nervous ewes. "Guess there'll be nothing doing till after supper. May as well go in."

"Sure."

"Just as well you'll be home a few days, the way your mother feels. Damn weather gets her down."

With Sylvie prancing ahead of them, Nettie and her father walked between the rows of sheep to the door. The

wind whipped snow into their faces as they went out, and Nettie saw that there was already a drift running parallel with the lambing shed. More snow lifted across it like white smoke; then her father switched off the shed light, and there was only the wind driving them through the darkness toward the yellow patch that was the kitchen window. It howled and sprayed them with hard grains of snow, and then slammed into their backs with all the force it had gathered in its career over the faraway ridges and empty plains, and only by walking stiff-legged with their backs braced could Nettie and her father, with the child between them, keep from being driven into the snow.

Nettie cooked supper on the coal range, and washed the dishes afterward while she boiled milk for the lambs. Her father went out once to check the ewes again, and came back in with a gust of snow and the news that there were no new lambs. The wind did not let up, but banged and rattled around the eaves of the house. Its high whining note was far away, an undertone of the true noise of the storm, but Nettie found herself listening to it with her teeth biting hard together.

Sylvie listened to the wind with her eyes gleaming. The storm seemed to excite her. Nettie was pouring milk into a clean beer bottle when the little girl began whirling around and around in one spot, her head thrown back and a high squeal like the wind's coming from between her teeth.

"Stop it!" cried Nettie. She spilled milk over the lip of the full bottle, and reached for the dish cloth. Sylvie stopped and stared at her sister.

"Bad enough to hear it outside without her screeching in here," remarked their mother. She went on through the kitchen and into her bedroom with her bathrobe hunched around her.

Nettie looked at Sylvie's face. "Come on. You can help me feed the lambs," she offered.

Armed with the beer bottle of boiled milk, Nettie sat down on the edge of the apple box and got the biggest lamb under her arm. It did not resist having the nipple shoved into its mouth, but let its eyes roll back while the thick milk dribbled from between its gums and over Nettie's arm.

"Why isn't he hungry?" asked Sylvie, squatting by the box.

"Hasn't got sense enough, I guess." Nettie clamped the limp body between her leg and elbow, and used the fingers thus freed to massage its throat. The lamb gulped and choked, and Nettie took the nipple away. "Guess maybe he swallowed some that time," she said, and forced the nipple into the lamb's mouth again. Working the bottle back and forth, she tried to tease the lamb into taking an interest in the milk.

"Let me hold the bottle," begged Sylvie.

"Guess you may as well." Nettie gave it to the child, but Sylvie could not keep the nipple in the lamb's mouth. Its head lolled on Nettie's leg, and the milk soaked into her blue jeans.

"Maybe he drank a little," said Nettie at last. "Let's try the other one." She let the first lamb sag back into the apple box, and got her fingers under the second, but it was cold.

"It's dead," she said, and set down the bottle.

Sylvie peered with interest into the box. "Why?"

"Oh, it just is!" Nettie tried to keep from snapping, but she felt tired. Her father got up and came over from his chair in the corner. He looked down at the two lambs, then bent and picked up the dead one by its middle. It dangled from his hand, four thin legs and a rosy tail. He crossed the kitchen unhurriedly, and went out the door. Presently he returned without the lamb, and went back to his chair.

The wind was still blowing when Nettie took Sylvie up to bed. Up under the eaves, the storm seemed closer. The girls shivered as snow drove against the shingles and rattled on the loose panes. A curtain moved up and down, sank, and rose again with the blast. Nettie put Sylvie in bed, and undressed herself in front of the mirror. Her hair hung lank on her neck, and even though she knew that there would be no school tomorrow, she found her comb and bobby pins and began winding up the loose strands.

Somebody should do something about Sylvie's hair, she thought, and glanced at the bed, but the little girl was already asleep. Nettie jacked open the last bobby pin on her teeth, shoved it into her hair, and got into bed beside her sister. Her arms and shoulders ached from carrying buckets of water, and the quilts smelled musty. Sylvie turned in her sleep and rolled against Nettie, who turned to let the child settle into the curve of her body. Her sides rose and fell gently with the movement of the curtain. The wind whipped against the house. Nettie thought about Sylvie's hair. It should be cut, or at least kept combed. When Nettie had been Sylvie's age, her mother had fussed with her hair, and kept it curled. But her mother was different now. Nettie stretched, and let her eyes close.

The bang of the kitchen door woke her in the morning. She sat up in bed, shivering in the cold air and remembering the ewes. The bedroom window was frosted over, and everything was still. It took her a minute to realize that the wind had died in the night. Then, tucking the quilts around the still sleeping Sylvie, Nettie got out of bed and crossed the floor with her bare toes curling. Snow had sifted through the loose window pane in the night, and she could see her breath. She found her sweater and blue jeans, and dressed as fast as she could.

In the kitchen the range was roaring hot, and Nettie held her hands over it for a minute. Through her parents' door, she could see her mother's bulk under the bedclothes. Nettie started a fresh pot of coffee, and went to the kitchen window. It was frosted over in a glittering forest of ice crystals, and she had to scrape a hole before she could see. Even when she had a spot the size of her palm cleared, there was only whiteness, and she blinked.

"Oh lord!" she said aloud. Between the house and the fence was a nearly level expanse of snow, but the

wind had made a drift against the fence, or where the fence had been—Nettie was not certain, for the fence was invisible under the great flowing dune of snow, six feet high and running as far as Nettie could see.

"It still snowing?" her mother called.

"No. Guess it quit in the night. But you never saw such a drift."

Her mother did not answer, but Nettie heard the springs creak as she turned over in bed. The coffee pot boiled over, and she went to move it to the back of the stove. When she did, she saw the lambs in the boxes, two in one box and one in another. One of the lambs might be the one she had tried to feed the night before, but even so there must be at least one more dead ewe and maybe two. Otherwise her father would have left the lambs with their mothers in the lambing shed. Nettie wondered whether they had been fed, or if she should boil more milk.

The kitchen door opened, and her father came in, stamping the snow off his feet. There was more snow on his coat and collected on the brim of his hat. "Had to shovel my way out to the shed," he told her. "Let me have some of that coffee."

As Nettie poured him a cup, she saw that he had another lamb under his coat. He laid it in the second box, and came over to the table to sit.

"You up many times in the night?" she asked.

"Two-three."

"Should have called me."

"Almost did, that last trip. Christ, you ought to see it out there."

Nettie wondered about the hay and the dead ewes. "Many lambs out there?"

"Four. That last one's a twin. The old bitch wouldn't claim him, so I brought him in." He drained his cup and leaned over so that he could see through the bedroom door. "You going to get breakfast?"

"Sure."

"I'll take another look and be back in." He got up slowly and went out.

Nettie went to the door before she started breakfast, and looked out. For a minute she had to squint, protecting her eyes against the glare of light on the snow. Then her pupils contracted, and she saw that the whole world was sculptured white, broken only by the winding foxhole that her father had shoveled from the kitchen door to the lambing shed. He was just disappearing, shoulders brushing the top of his path on both sides. By standing on tiptoe, Nettie could see back toward the barn and corrals and the road. The wind had swept down from the hills across the whole expanse, driving the snow into elongated waves and drifts that skimmed up to the tops of the corral poles on one side and dropped off suddenly on the other. There was not a sign of life. Nothing moved. Even the leafless chokecherries below the barn were muffled in snow so that they could hardly be seen against the sweeping whiteness. Nettie shivered, and went quickly back into the kitchen.

She made breakfast, fed her father and Sylvie, who came stumbling downstairs in her underpants with icy hands and feet, and boiled more milk for the lambs. By the middle of the morning, her father had brought in three more, but two of the first ones had died, and he carried them out to join the pile of frozen corpses on the south side of the shed. Her mother finally got up and sat in her bathrobe at the kitchen window, drinking cup after cup of thick coffee.

Sylvie moped about, resisting Nettie's attempt to comb her hair, and taking an interest only in the lambs. She tried to play with them, but they were too young or too despondent.

"What's the matter with them?" she asked Nettie.

"I don't know. They're always like that. Guess they don't care if they live or die."

"I thought they'd be fun to play with."

"They are, when they get bigger."

"They're cute," Sylvie said, and petted a head. She did not seem to mind the sour odor of milk and slime. Nettie herself was getting used to it, but she still thought that the lambs were repulsive, with their flaccid bodies and slack eyes.

Before it was time to start dinner, Nettie scrubbed the boiled milk off her arms and tidied the kitchen and the cold front room. She straightened the chairs and dusted the bric-a-brac and the photographs of the two little sisters who had died of polio before Sylvie was born, and then she sat down at the kitchen table to do her geometry assignment. She was very good at mathematics, even considering how much school she missed every year, but this morning she could not concentrate on the problems. At last she closed the book and got up to get dinner. Her mind kept wandering from the geometry teacher who said that she should go to college, to Sylvie's hair and whether she could cut it to look like anything.

In the late afternoon she helped her father feed and water the ewes again. There were several lambs in the cubicles now, and some of them were nursing and seemed to be all right. And there were some empty pens.

"How's the hay?" she asked.

"Enough for morning." Her father's eyes were blood-shot from the glare of the snow. When they came out of the shed, it was snowing again.

The next morning her father tunneled his way to the tractor and made an attempt to reach the haystack a half-mile away, but he ran into snow above the fenders before he was beyond the barn and had to abandon the tractor in a waste of churned snow.

"If we caught one of the horses, maybe we could get up there that way," Nettie suggested.

"Not with the haystack."

"I mean, maybe we could drag down a few bales. Enough to get by on."

"Could be." He rubbed his bristles, considering, and spat tobacco juice in the snow. "Think you could catch old Pete?"

Nettie looked at him, at his bent shoulders and the grizzled folds about his mouth. "Probably. If I take some grain. You keep Sylvie with you?"

"All right," he said, and tramped off. Nettie went back to the house to get her boots and gloves. There was a trail shoveled to the barn, where she collected a bridle and a lariat and a handful of grain. Then she struck off for the ridge where the horses would be hunting for exposed grass.

At first the snow was knee-deep, and she made fair progress, stepping high and breaking the crust only when she had to. Her breath steamed out in front of her, and she stopped twice to pant. Below her the drifts rippled down to the meadows and across the barnyard. She could see the shingles of the house where the heat had melted off the snow, and her father's square figure, shrunken by the distance, coming out of the shed door. From where she stood, the buildings and the tiny human figure were specks in a frozen sea. It was very quiet. She shivered and went on.

Near the top of the hill, she fell into a deep drift to her thighs and had to spread out on her belly to push herself out. Snow went down her neck and into her boots, and she thrashed until she found herself in knee-deep snow again. Ahead of her was bare ground where the wind had swept the snow from the crest of the ridge. She looked back at the churned snow. "Looks like a walrus went through there," she said aloud, to hear her own voice.

Once on bare ground, her legs felt light and unencumbered. She walked north, swinging the wet bridle and stamping her feet. Across the gully on the upper meadow, she could see the haystack, a white-capped knob rising from the snow.

"Pete!" she called. "Pete!"

At last she felt something watching her, and turned. Three horses were standing on a bare knob, eyes almost hidden under their winter fur, ears pricked toward her.

"Here, Pete!"

They did not budge, and Nettie swore. To reach them, she would have to wade through more snow. Holding the bridle and rope behind her, she swung off the ridge toward the horses. She would have to get by the two yearlings to reach Pete, and if the colts decided to run, he might follow. And she would never catch him.

"Pete!" she called, and held out her grain. To her relief, he stuck out his nose and came toward her, with the two colts snorting behind him.

"That's a good Pete." He lipped at the grain in her gloved hand. Nettie fastened a bridle rein around his neck for insurance, then waited until he had eaten the grain. A few wet kernels fell on the snow as she slipped the bit in his mouth, and he nosed after them while she fastened the headstall.

"Hold still, now." She got a double handful of mane and jumped until she had her belly over his back, then swung her leg over. His fur was warm under her thighs, and she could feel his ribs under the long hair. She

nudged him with her boot heel, and he moved off obediently toward the stack.

By picking her way, Nettie managed to get across the gully without floundering the old gelding. Once he broke through the crust to his belly, and thrashed before getting back out, but they found shallower snow the next minute. At the stack, Nettie slid down and kicked the snow from a post before she tied Pete to it. She looked around. Last summer there had been a piece of corrugated tin along the haystack fence somewhere, if it hadn't rusted away. She walked along the fence, casting through the snow with her feet until she kicked the tin. Then she had to kick the snow away before she could get it out. She picked up the ten foot length and pushed it up against the stack. It would hold about four bales, she thought.

She pushed two of the heavy, snow-weighted bales off the stack and then sat down to pant. The snow was seeping through the seat of her blue jeans, but she ignored it. Her hands hurt from hauling at the twine on the bales. All around her was snow.

Ten miles to the south, invisible now, would be the town and the school. She wondered if they were having classes, or whether the storm had closed the schools. A picture of the warm study hall came to her, and she saw the bent heads of the students, the clutter of books, and the whispers from the seniors as they talked about graduation and their applications for college. Nettie got up, dusted the snow off her rear, and tackled the next bale.

Once she had the bales on the strip of tin and anchored with the lariat, she felt more hopeful. She tied the other end of the rope in a bowline knot around Pete's neck, and stood back to study her outfit. It looked all right. She climbed back on Pete and took up the reins.

"Okay, let's see what happens." Eyes on the hay, she nudged Pete into motion.

While they were on level ground, the hayload moved well, gliding over the crusted snow and making Pete snort and roll his eyes at it. The first trouble came when they started down off the hill, for the tin moved faster than Pete did and skidded into his hind legs, making him jump and shy. The tin sailed on by, and came to a stop at the end of the rope. Pete's neck stretched forward, but he held fast.

Nettie urged him forward a step at a time. The hay edged downward for several feet, then overturned against a drift. Nettie slid down off the horse and waded through the snow to right it. Then they started down again.

They worked down by stages, while the afternoon darkened and the air grew colder. Nettie's fingers were numb on the reins by the time she finally reached the shed with her load. Her father came to meet her with his eyes on the hay. He untied the rope and pulled off the first bale.

"This'll get us through tonight," he said, then added, "There's a ewe down—think you could keep an eye on her?"

"Okay." Nettie unbridled Pete and let him go to stand under the shelter of the end of the shed. She wobbled, and

stamped her feet to bring the feeling back. Then she entered the shed.

Sylvie was sitting on the top of a panel with her nose running, looking down at the ewe that lay panting on the dirty straw. The little girl turned at her sister's steps. Her eyes were knowing.

"She's having a baby," she told Nettie.

Nettie leaned on the panel. Bedding was short, and the straw was wet. Below it was the frozen ground, and frozen sheep dung. The ewe strained, and saliva dribbled from her mouth. Nettie watched, hoping that things were going right, because she didn't know what to do if they weren't. Sylvie's eyes were solemn.

At the end of the shed came the familiar drive of the wind, and a skiff of snow. Nettie's arms ached, and her back ached. If the wind picked up again, if they got more snow, she didn't know if she could reach the haystack again. And there was only enough hay for the night. At her feet the ewe bleated, mouth against the straw, and heaved. Her sides worked. Slime ran from her, and then the rubbery front hoofs emerged with the lamb's wet head between them.

She heard her father banging a door somewhere, and wondered if she should call him. It seemed all right, but she didn't know. The ewe's feet jerked twice, a bleat rattled from her throat, and she heaved again, hard. The lamb's body slid out on the ground.

"She had it," observed Sylvie.

The ewe raised her head, then put it down again. The lamb moved a little, but the ewe paid no attention.

"She ought to be mothering it," said Nettie. She took a gunny sack from the stack by the aisle, and stepped into the cubicle. Using the sack, she rubbed the slime and membranes from the lamb, and cleared its nose of mucus. It squeaked and breathed.

"Watch out, Nettie!"

The ewe was on her feet, focusing her eyes on Nettie. Her head lowered. Nettie stepped aside, and as the ewe staggered up to butt her, kicked her on the side of the head. The ewe shook herself, trying to find another target.

"You old bitch, take care of your kid!" Nettie caught her by the ears and forced her nose against the lamb. "He's your lamb, you old fool!"

The ewe sniffed at the lamb. Nettie held her nose against it, wondering what she was doing wrong. Some ewes just never claimed their lambs. She scooped up the lamb and propped it against the ewe's hind legs, working the teat into its mouth. Then suddenly it was sucking milk, and the ewe was turning to smell it. Nettie let go cautiously, and backed out of the pen.

Her father appeared behind her. "Listen to that wind!"

Nettie turned. To her amazement, her father was smiling, cracked lips stretched away from his teeth.

"It's from the west. It's chinooking!"

Nettie and Sylvie followed him outside, and around the shed. The wind streamed against their faces, and across the snow. Water was dripping from the eaves of

the shed, and the great snow fields around the cluster of buildings seemed damp and shrunken.

"It must be twenty degrees warmer," said Nettie.

"That's that chinook wind for you," said her father.

"We'll be knee-deep in water by tomorrow."

"We won't be able to get hay for mud."

"That's about right." Her father straightened. "We'd better get what lambs we can in the kitchen, or they'll die of pneumonia."

Sylvie followed them back and forth. The warm wind brought a more natural color into her cheeks and made her frisk. "What's a chinook?" she asked, and Nettie told her about the warm wind from the Pacific coast that dropped over the mountains and thawed the prairie states. Her father listened.

"Good thing for her you're graduating this spring."

That night Nettie went to sleep listening to water run off the eaves of the house, and in the morning the kitchen was full of damp and bleating lambs. Her father dragged more hay from the stack on the piece of tin, snaking it through soggy grass and mud, and they kept the ewes fed. The next day Nettie's mother got out of bed and dressed, and washed a load of sheets. Some of the lambs died of pneumonia, but some lived, and frisked in the back lot where the snow had melted away from the rotted

corpses of dead sheep. Sylvie caught an orphan lamb and sat in her swing with it dangling over her arm.

"I know where you came from," she told it, and sang the song that she liked Nettie to sing to her.

"*Sylvie say she love me, but I believe she lie—hasn't been to see me since the last day of July!*" Nettie sang when she drove the little band of sheep up to the spring pasture. She rode bareback on Pete, swinging the tin dogs ahead of her and making the sheep scurry away from the rattling cans. Sylvie, with her hair matted in snarls and more willful than ever, was playing with the bum lambs back at the house. Looking over her shoulder, Nettie could see green grass cropping through the dead undergrowth and the last dirty patches of snow. The chokecherries were budding, and magpies were nesting. Nettie had heard them squabbling over the carcasses of the dead sheep. Below her, her mother's wash flapped, and ahead of her the lambs ran and jumped straight into the air, careening against their mothers and butting at one another. Some of them were the ones that she had forced to swallow boiled milk.

The wind stirred in the underbrush and ruffled Pete's winter hair that was shedding in handfuls over Nettie's legs. It penetrated her shirt, and she shivered, remembering.

ROCHELLE RATNER

DRESS REHEARSAL

I love you like wood and you laugh
with high birds I can't see.
White flat ducks wake the morning to leaves
that have slanted from night.

Talk . . . talk . . . I hear noises—
It's only the fish that are flying now,
bodies and words.

Borrowed sunlight is crossing our sleep
like a child in the woods.
It's cold and then warm in the haloes,
the dark strung together like travel.

We always had friends. It was summer
Time was geology then.

A Story by Gail Godwin

AN INTERMEDIATE STOP

LOIS SIEGEL

The vicar, just turned thirty-one, had moved quietly through his twenties engrossed in the somewhat awesome implications of his calling. In the last year of what he now referred to nostalgically as his decade of contemplation, he had stumbled upon a vision in the same natural way he'd often taken walks in the gentle mist of his countryside and come suddenly upon the form of another person and greeted him. He was astonished, then grateful. He had actually wept. Afterwards he was exhausted. Days went by before he could bring himself to record it, warily and wonderingly, first for himself and then to bear witness to others. Even as he wrote, he felt the memory of it, the way the pure thing had been, slipping away. Nevertheless, he felt he must preserve what he could.

Somewhere between the final scribbled word of the original manuscript and the dismay with which he now (aboard a Dixie Airways turbo-prop flying above red flatlands in the southern United States) regarded the picture of himself on the religion page of *Time* magazine, his tenuous visitor had fled him altogether. The vicar was left with a much-altered life, hopping around an international circuit of lecture tours (the bishop was more than pleased) which took him further and further from the auspicious state of mind which had generated that important breakthrough.

Exhibiting for his benefit a set of flawless American teeth, the stewardess now told him to be sure and fasten

his seat belt. 'Bay-ult,' she pronounced it. Seat bayult. The trembly old turbo-prop nosed down towards a country airfield shimmering in the heat, and the captain's disembodied voice welcomed them all to Tri-City Airport, naming the cities and towns which it served, including one called Amity where the vicar was to address a small Episcopal college for women. "Present temperature is ninety-six degrees," said the captain mischievously, as though he himself might be responsible. A groan went up across the aisle from several businessmen traveling together, wearing transparent short-sleeved shirts and carrying jackets made of a weightless looking material. It was the middle of September and Lewis had brought only one suit for his three-week lecture tour: a dark flannel worsted, perfect for English Septembers.

He thanked his hostess and, still vibrating to the thrum of the rickety flight, descended shaky metal stairs into the handshake of a fat gentleman who shook his hand with prolonged zest.

"Reverend Lewis, Sir, it's an honor, a real honor. I'm Baxter Stikeleather, president of Earle College. How was the weather down there in New Orleans, hotter than here, I'll bet."

"How do you do, doctor. No, actually it seemed . . . not quite so hot."

"Aw that's 'cause they've got the Gulf Coast sitting right there under their noses, that's why," said the other. Having thus contributed to the defense of his state's climate, he whipped out a huge white handkerchief and beat at his large and genial face which was slick with perspiration.

They proceeded to the airport terminal where Stikeleather pounced on Lewis' suitcase as though it contained

GAIL GODWIN'S story, "Liza's Leaf Tower", appeared in the NAR last fall. Harper is bringing out her first novel, *The Perfectionists*, this year, and she is working on her next novel in Iowa City.

the Grail and led the way to the parking lot. "The girls sure have looked forward to you coming, Reverend."

"Thank you." Lewis climbed into a roomy estate wagon whose doors bore in handlettered Gothic script *Earle College for Women, founded 1889*. Stikeleather arranged his own sphere of a belly comfortably behind the steering wheel. The vicar was going over in his mind what he'd lost just this morning in the New Orleans lecture: ("Getting further is not leaving the world. It is discarding assumptions, thus seeing for the first time what is already there . . .") *What* was already there? What could he have meant? Once these words had connected him to an image, but that image was gone. He had continued glibly on this morning, as though he assumed everyone else knew what was already there, even if he didn't any more. Perhaps they did know, they seemed to know. Discussing his book with people these past few weeks, he'd had the distinct feeling that they'd tapped a dimension in it which was denied to him, its author.

". . . I haven't read it yet," Stikeleather was saying, "But I sure have read a lot about it. I've got my copy, though, I'm looking forward to really immersing myself in it once the semester gets started good. What a catchy title. *My Interview with God*. And from what I've heard, it was, wasn't it? Did you think up the title yourself?"

"No," Lewis said uncomfortably, "No, I shan't claim that little accomplishment."

"Oh well," Stikeleather reassured him, "you wrote the book. That's what counts." He struck the vicar amiably between his shoulder blades and the estate wagon belched from the parking lot in a flourish of flying gravel. "Do you like music?"

"Yes, very much," replied Lewis, puzzled.

"Coming up," the president said, fiddling with knobs on the dashboard. The moving vehicle resounded at once with a sportive melody that made Stikeleather tap his foot on the carpeted floorboard. "Total Sound," he said.

"It's very nice," said Lewis. ("Matthew's familiar Chapter Six seems at first to deal with separate subjects. It begins by talking about men who pray loudly in public rather than shut up in their own rooms, and goes on to discuss the impossibility of serving both God and Mammon. But if we look at God as Cause, or Source, and Mammon as certain outward effects, we begin to see a relation. Effects are but the reflection of something that emanates from one's own relationship with the Source. If that relationship is good—'If thine eye be single'—the effect will be full of light; if evil, full of darkness. But any deliberate intention of an effect, casting first towards Mammon with no relevance to the Source, will destroy the possibility of producing a worthwhile one. 'Every circle has its centre Where the truth is made and meant,' and no good effect can come from focusing on peripheries.") He'd preached that sermon once, in the quiet days before the Illumination and the wretched fame that followed from his poor attempt to deter its passing.

"I went uptown," Stikeleather said, "and bought up all the copies I could find. What I was thinking, after your talk tomorrow morning, you might autograph them.

I'll give each trustee one and keep two in our library. I hope you'll write a little something in mine, as well."

"I'd be delighted," Lewis said, charmed by his host's refreshing simplicity. Pale Dr. Harkins, two weeks ago at Yale: walking Lewis down the path to the divinity school among first fallen leaves, he said, "You seem to be the first person inside organized religion, that is with the exception of Teilhard (naturally), to reconcile with success the old symbols and the needs of our present ontology. I have often thought our situation today, theologically, is what the *I Ching* would call Ming I (the darkening of the light); we needed your sort of Glossary to light the way again." A Jewish boy at Columbia wedged his way under Lewis' big black umbrella and, biting his nails, hurried out with him to the taxi waiting to speed the vicar to La Guardia for the Chicago flight . . . what was his major? something wild, electric, like Serbo-Croatian poetry . . . he said, "But listen, Father, haven't you in an extremely subtle way, acceptable to modern intellectuals, simply reaffirmed the Bible stories?" "I . . . I intended to *affirm*, by way of modern myths, the same truths cloaked in the ancient myths, many of which we can no longer find acceptable. I hoped to contain that Truth which remains always the same within the parallels of the old and new myths . . . if you see what I mean." "Sure, Father. God between the lines." In San Francisco, he dined one night atop the city with a Unitarian minister his own age who had published an article on the six stages of LSD. The minister found Lewis' famous Interview directly comparable to stage three of the Trip "during which there's a sudden meaningful convergence of conceptual ideas and especially meaningful combinations in the world are seen for the first time." Over brandy, the minister offered to assist Lewis in reaching stage six, "uniform white light," if he would care to accompany him back to his home. But Lewis had a morning lecture at Berkeley and declined the offer.

"I declare, I feel a whole lot better now, Reverend. There is nothing more necessary, to my way of thinking, than air-conditioning in your automobile. The trustees hemmed and hawed till I finally told them point blank: I personally cannot drive the school station wagon until it is air-conditioned. I can't go picking up people in the name of the college and be sweating all over the place."

"It's jolly nice," agreed Lewis, feeling better himself. He looked out of the closed window at a baked clay landscape. A group of prisoners whose striped uniforms were covered with reddish dust labored desultorily in the terrible heat, monitored by a man carrying a gun. He remembered the quiet rainy garden in Sussex, outside the vicarage study window—how, looking out at this scene one totally relaxed moment after many hours of thought, he had seen suddenly beyond it into a larger, bolder kingdom. He had seen . . . he tried now to see it again, focusing intently on a memory of wet green grass, a tree, the sky as it had been, soft pearl, unblemished; he pushed hard at grass, tree, sky, so hard they fell away,

leaving him with his own frowning reflection upon the closed window of the air-conditioned station wagon.

"... Unfortunate thing. My wife has the flu, she comes down with it every fall, something in the air, the pollen. I thought it would be risky to put you up at our house, so I asked Mrs. Grimes our school nurse to fix up a private room in the infirmary for you. Parents of our girls often stay there when the hotel uptown is full. I hope you aren't offended."

"Not at all," said Lewis, "It will be a change from those motels with the huge TVs and the paper seals over the lavatories."

Stikeleather whooped with appreciation over this description until Lewis began to find it rather funny and started laughing himself.

At dinner he soon became quite sure that no faculty member had actually read his book. Nevertheless, he was the undisputed focus of solicitude. Wedged between Miss Lillian Bell, who taught history and social sciences, and Miss Evangeline Lacy (American literature, English literature and needlework), he was plied from either side with compliments, respect and much affectionate passing back and forth of crusty fried chicken and buttermilk biscuits. He felt like a young nephew who has succeeded in the outside world and comes home to coast for a time in the undemanding company of doting maiden aunts to whom his stomach is more important than his achievements.

Miss Bell was the aggressor of the two women. Fast-talking and flirtatious with leathery, crinkled skin and pierced ears, she played self-consciously with a tiny ceramic tomato bobbling from her earlobe. "We've all looked forward to this so much, Reverend," she said. "Most of our girls have never met an Englishman, let alone an English vicar."

"It is such a pleasure listening to your accent," crooned Miss Lacy, who was possibly a raving beauty in her youth. Her enormous storm-grey eyes, lashed and lustrous, peered out of her old face from another era and seemed fascinated by all they saw.

"I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you, Reverend," said Lillian Bell. "Both my father and my grandfather were Episcopal ministers. You're not just saying in your book, like some are today, that God is just energy, are you?"

"Certainly not just energy," he assured her, biting into a second chicken leg and munching busily while framing his words for further explication. He was tired beyond thought. His eyes ached when he swivelled them to note that tables full of girls openly studied him. Dr. Stikeleather had gone home to make dinner for the sick wife, leaving him the only man in the dining room. He felt suddenly exhausted by explanations of something he no longer called his own. The darkening of *his* light, he felt, had reached its winter solstice. He clutched at a straw, the only thing left to him in explaining himself to this good woman: a quote from one of his reviewers.

He said, "The book is, well, notes towards a new consciousness which reaches beyond known systems of theology."

Miss Bell's face closed down on him. "Are you a God-is-dead man?" she asked coldly.

"No, no!" he shouted, without meaning to. All conversation stopped. All eyes were riveted on the vicar. In a near-whisper, he amended, "In my book, I try to offer a series of concepts through which persons without your fortunate religious upbringing, Miss Bell, might also have God."

"Oh, of course," said she, relieved. "I've been saying the same thing myself for years. It's our duty to share with the less fortunate. Will you have another buttermilk biscuit, Reverend?"

After dinner there was, it seemed, a coffee hour to be held in his honor. "You'll have a chance to meet our girls," said Miss Lacy, "some of them from the finest families in the state. Marguerite Earle is in her second year here."

"The Earle of the college's name?" he inquired politely. A tiny throb had set up a regular rhythm just behind his left temple.

"Dabney Littleton Earle was Marguerite's great-great-grandfather," explained Miss Lacy. "He was a wealthy planter and built this place as his home in the late seventeen hundreds. During the War Between the States, it was given over as a hospital for our wounded. After the war was over, unfortunately, it fell into the hands of the Freedman's Bureau who used it for their headquarters." Here she sighed sadly and her friend Miss Bell shook her earrings furiously at the outrage. "But in 1889, the Episcopal Diocese bought the property and established the college. As a matter of fact, I went here myself, but that was an awfully long time ago."

The coffee hour was in the drawing room. He stood with a whopping great headache now, backed against a faded brocade curtain, facing a semi-circle of avid ladies; holding his cup and saucer close against his chest like a tiny shield, he accepted their admiration. President Stikeleather entered suddenly. En route to Lewis, he plunged briefly into a cluster of girls long enough to pluck from it the flower of them all. Steering this elegant creature sidewise by her elbow, he cruised beaming towards the vicar.

"Reverend Lewis, may I present Miss Marguerite Earle, President of the Earle Student Body," he announced, his voice breaking with pride.

"How do you do?" said Lewis, marveling at the sheer aesthetic value of her. The flaunted English complexion paled beside this girl's pellucid sheen in which morning colors dominated. He counted five such colors in her face: honey, rose, gold, pearl and Mediterranean blue.

She took Lewis' hand in her cool one and looked up at him with deference. "I have really looked forward to this," she said. "All of us have. Won't you sit down? Let me get you another cup of coffee."

At this gentleness within such beauty, Lewis felt close to tears. Gratefully, he let himself be led to a beige settee.

Stikeleather, overflowing with pleasure, stepped over to compensate the semicircle of ladies abandoned by the vicar.

Marguerite returned with his coffee and sat down. "I think it would be wonderful to live in England. Especially the English countryside. When I graduate, if I ever do, and take my trip abroad, I'm going straight to England. I love those people in Jane Austen. So relaxed and witty and tactful with one another. You know something funny, Reverend Lewis? I felt more at home reading her than I sometimes feel in real surroundings."

"I can understand that," he said, "Yours is rather a Jane Austen style. I'm a fan of hers, myself. *Emma* has always been my favorite, however, and you know one can't honestly say she was always tactful. The thing with Miss Bates, for instance, was—have I said something to upset you?"

"Oh, dear, I've only read *Pride and Prejudice*. We had it in Miss Lacy's class last spring. I didn't know there was another one. You must think I'm an idiot." The girl flushed, laced her long fingers together in confusion and looked perfectly charming.

"Not to worry," he said. "All the better, to have Emma ahead of you. You can go back into that world you love without waiting to graduate. There are several other books, as well. But look—a favor for me: remember when you come to Reverend—Reverend—oh, blast, what is his name. You know, Miss Earle, I have forgotten everything but my own name these past few weeks. Well, anyway, when you come to that pompous reverend somebody in *Emma*, don't believe all vicars are like him."

"Oh, whenever I think of an English vicar, I certainly won't think of *him*," she said. She wore some delicate woodsy scent that opened up long-neglected channels in his dry bachelor existence. "Will you tell us about the country homes tomorrow, and the English nobility?"

"Well, certainly if there's time. I mean—if there's time. I've been invited to give my, you know, lecture on the b-book." He paused, amazed. He had not stuttered since his Oxford days, when he'd never quite mastered the knack of smooth conversation with lovely women.

"Oh, I hope there'll be time," she said, "The girls have loads of questions. Where exactly do you live?"

"In a s-small village in Sussex, near the downs—"

"I declare I hate to disturb you all, looking so relaxed," Stikeleather stood before the settee. "But there are some who haven't met you yet, Reverend. May I borrow him for just a minute, Marguerite? I want you to meet Miss Julia Bonham, who teaches Modern Dance, Reverend." He led Lewis away, towards a fulsome lady awaiting them beside the silver service.

Having finally achieved his bed in the infirmary, he couldn't sleep. He fingered the choice of bedside reading left by Mrs. Grimes. There was a mint green *Treasury of Religious Verse*, brand new, with the price \$8.95 written in pencil just inside the cover; a choice of Bibles (RSV or King James); and back issues of an inspirational

pamphlet called *Forward: Day by Day*. There was a paperback book of very easy crossword puzzles, most of which had been worked in pencil, then erased. He wished violently for a novel, any novel, of Jane Austen's. Book thoughts led inevitably to consideration of his own 124-page effort, out there in the world, an object in its own right now, separate even from the thing which had inspired it, which was gone. What was that vile vicar's name in the Emma book? Pelham? Stockton? The wife with the brother-in-law in Bristol with his everlasting baroque-landau . . . when you began forgetting the villains of literature, you were definitely losing your grip.

He tried different positions: board-straight, scissors-legs, foetal. He clanked around the hospital bed like a lorryful of scrap metal. His bones strummed with phantom vibrations from the turbo-prop and under the bottom sheet was a waterproof pad which caused his feet to slide. "What a catchy title, did you think it up yourself?" ("What were you thinking of calling it, Mr. Lewis?" over a pint of bitter at the publisher's lunch. "Oh, I don't know. It's difficult to call it anything. It was what it was, simply: a very fleeting glimpse of God on His own terms, quite apart from all my previous notions of Him. I've said all I was able to say about this, er, glimpse, in my book. Why not just *View from a Sussex Vicarage*, something of the sort?" "Ah, come, Mr. Lewis, let us put our heads together over another pint and see if we can't come up with something more provocative. After all, 'Feed my Lambs' has become today a matter of first winning their appetites, has it not?") 'Every circle has its centre Where the truth is made and meant,' and no good effects will come from focusing upon peripheries. "We needed your sort of Glossary to light the way again." Going out to La Guardia in the speeding taxi, through sheets of rain, he saw the most appalling cemetery, miles and miles of dingy graves, chock-a-block . . . "Sure, Father, God between the lines." When You're out of Schlitz, You're out of Beer," he was warned again and again on the turnpike. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see . . . uniform white light? And then darkness, darkness, darkness, plenty of it. What was that damn vicar's name? Parkins, Sheldon; force it. Can a fleeting vision be seized by the tail, made to perform again and again to circus music? That perfume she was wearing . . . the Blessed Henry Suso, after seeing God, was tormented by a deep depression which lasted ten years . . . the scent reminded one of spicy green woods, hidden freshwater springs; he knew so little of women's lore, how they created their effects, yet he was not even old, thirty-one. Was this to be his dry and barren decade, his Dark Night of the Soul? (Mr. Knightley was thirty-seven when he proposed to Emma Woodhouse.) He had been so immersed in his commitment: representative of Christ on earth. Vicar, vicarius: God's deputy. No light matter. He had trod overcarefully, unsure of his right to be there at all. Had his most unsound days, then, been his most profound? Parnham, Parker, Pelton, Felpham, Farnhart, Rockwell, Brockton? Hell. Was there to be no Second Coming? He slept, then, dreamed he and Stikeleather

sat under a tree in the vicarage garden, discussing how much it would cost to air-condition the vicarage. Marguerite and her friends, wearing flowing afternoon dresses to their ankles, played a lively game of croquet. Marguerite smashed a red ball CRASH! through his dusty study window, and he was alarmed, but then Stikeleather began laughing, his large belly jiggling up and down, and Lewis, infected, began to laugh, as well, until tears came into his eyes.

At breakfast, there were more of the buttermilk biscuits which one soaked in a spicy ham gravy called 'Red-eye.' Anxious about giving a lecture which had dried up on him in New Orleans, he ate too many. He signed Miss Bell's copy of *My Interview with God* feeling an impostor.

When he mounted the speaker's platform in the little chapel, everyone applauded him. Eight biscuits soaked in Red-Eye clumped stubbornly together and refused to digest. He shuffled his pile of notecards, dog-eared from fourteen other lectures, and cleared his throat. He addressed Dr. Stikeleather who was perspiring lightly in seersucker in the front row, and called every faculty member by name (there were only six). This caused another flurry of delighted clapping. He wished he might repeat the stunt with the girls, but there were too many of them; 'charming young ladies' would have to suffice.

"Well now," he began, flushing, and looking down at the first 4x6 notecard. One more time, he must give this lecture. He thought of the VC-10 which would depart tonight, with him aboard, for London.

The first notecard read:

- a) Unitive life, df. state of transcendent vitality (Underhill)
- b) Luke 14:10
- c) things seen

He failed utterly in seeing how these puzzling fragments had ever arranged themselves into an effortless, meaningful opening. Yet here he was; here they were. What, in his totally depleted hour, could he tell them? His feet, it seemed, touched down on the abyss; the light which had been darkening steadily for a year and a half now switched off. And they were waiting, with upturned faces. What to say?

Then he saw Marguerite Earle, his croquet girl, sitting by the window, her bright hair aflame like a burning bush from the morning sun, and he remembered. His Amity muse, a veritable earthly vision, shone before him in her raiments of color with the promise of a rainbow and gave him his topic. Hands folded neatly on her lap, she smiled at him, waiting to hear.

He squared his notecards with a final clack, turned them face down on the rostrum and said, "The reason I am here with you this morning is because nearly two years ago I was sitting calmly in my vicarage study, looking out on a peaceful rainy afternoon, and, being more or less at one with myself, was admitted—very temporarily—to the presence of God. Afterwards I thought I should preserve the experience by, ah, minting it, in

printed words, rather like, well, your Treasury Department distributing the late President Kennedy on silver half-dollars. Only they never for a moment, I am sure, fooled themselves into thinking they were giving away with that coin the essence of the man. It was only a tribute, don't you see, in the same way that my book can only be a tribute to a very special happening. St. Thomas Aquinas once said, long after he'd completed his ponderous Summa, 'There are some things that simply cannot be uttered,' after which he serenely folded his hands over his great stomach and spent his last years elevated three feet off the ground in rapturous prayer. Can you not see it, that great portly body floating like a thistle by the Grace of God?"

(There was a short hush during which his audience teetered between respect for a dead saint and amusement at the spectacle of a floating fat one . . . then Stikeleather broke the tie by laughing heartily and they all followed suit.)

"Well, then," Lewis said, a bit breathless, standing naked before them now, a man like any other, no vision standing between them, "Rather than try and give you a third-hand rendition of a faded illumination, or to go over material which is there for better or for worse in a little green and white volume which my publishers call *My Interview with God*, I'd like to return your hospitality to me by taking you briefly into my own world. What shall I show you first? Shall we start with where I live, my vicarage in Sussex which is five hundred years old?"

Their enthusiastic answer rang out. Marguerite Earle began clapping and they joined her. So he took them first into his study, lined with over four-thousand books, many belonging to past vicars dead several hundred years, and warmed even in summer by a fireplace. He led them up narrow circular stairs to his *pièce de résistance*, the loft under the eaves where, in the 1640's, it was rumored that a Royalist vicar had once hidden Charles II from his murderous pursuers. They adored this. He took them to his garden, blushing when he said, "Large enough f-for, um, a game of croquet." In summer, he told them, the Queen's orange-braceleted swans swim upriver and come waddling boldly in the garden at teatime . . .

He took them on a Cook's tour of London; then, for the benefit of Marguerite, who loved the countryside, he returned them to Sussex Downs for a ramble. It was while lingering here, relaxed and at one with his happy group, in this dreamy country air that he remembered his old friend Mr. Elton, petty vicar of Highbury. Elton, Elton, Elton, of course! He lightened, began the upward trip from his abyss, as though St. Thomas the old dog himself had loaned him a bit of divine buoyancy. Eight buttermilk biscuits melted like hosts in his stomach. Elton! Spouse of Augusta Hawkins for the sum of ten-thousand. Hypocrite, flatterer, pompous ass. Lewis had never been so glad to see anyone in his life. His universe expanded as the dark began to fade. He chuckled aloud in the midst of his guided tour. Agreeably, in a body, Earle College chuckled too, for they were with him.

BARRY G. BRISSMAN

THE RESURRECTION MAN

*The remains of more than twenty
dead bodies were discovered in a
shed in Tottenham Court Road,
supposed to have been deposited
there by traders to the surgeons.*

Love⁻¹

They died
For a crack at full
Thighs, ogling the sheen
Fall over futile saucers sipping.
Noon smelled like any seventeen
Year old bank clerk
Sticky as Saturday night slock
Slock slock and who didn't
Dream of holding them like a pound
In each hand spilling
Ketchup she's odd though,
Says they, odd ever since.

Oh Tommy Tommy.
In the locusts. Hello, I said.

Cockaroo. Who does she
Dig, says they, missing the suit,
Dealing ones, collecting picks, blinking
The cashier, mistaking
The Queen of Spades. Dusk.
Dogs exhume a private
Bone. Lights go on the square.
Cafe swept. Bank swept. Forgot.

Tommy oh Tommy.
Buzzing trees. Mummy's
The word, I said, if I'm
Next mummy's the word.

Mayor Duff swore
An oath when it happened. Kin
Grieved, looked grave. The second
Time they posted guards.
For three days streamer
Heads cried sacrilege in yellow
To the bloodless moon.

She had his box open and hers
The lucky stiff. If I'm
Next, I said. On the headstone.

Bathed and scented
With no dirt beneath nails
At noon seventeen is seventeen.
Some seventeen pleaded knightly
For her boon. Disappointed, they came
And lounged against the evening
Porch steps. A paper cleared
The hemlock tree, bell
Tinkling through leavesmoke. When
They asked me awkward seventeen kill
Yourselves I joked chewing melon.
The seeds went over the rail.

She lay statuesque his name
Imprinting flesh reversed.
Two kinds of stiff, I whispered,
Two kinds of nec(k)ing slock
Slock slock. On the bedstone.

Dusky road, dusky trees change color
In dusk.

No one knows you but me.
Help me tamp.
You're safe.
Help me tamp.

1728

(Maggie Dixon Maggie Dixon
murder murder murder.
Say you?
Found it in the lane nearby
under oakleaf muddled,
poor babe.
Say you?

Her husband impressed
a year Michaelmas but she
not wanting semen long
unlike the navy
she.)

Peter winked spittle. Soon, Slig,
Said I. Soon.
Hot crowds smelling fish
Breathed garlic I've planted
Fresher.

After having hanged the usual
Time

(Was a fisherman impressed
and cuckolded not a month gone.
Sure?
Not his spawn
could not have been ask
anyone.
Nor midwife?
Nor wanted one, an you ask me.)

She mought have been nice.
Twill serve, Slig, said I.
Close flesh hung against dusky
Sky, putty flesh blobbing
Greyer.

Cut down and delivered to
Friends

(Here is Peter Slig, gravedigger,
St. George's, Bloomsbury
Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Sir
A day for digging indeed
Devilish hot sir devilish.)

Dump in stone or it won't tamp
Natural.

Hackney coachmen charge extra fare.
Porters with hampers.
Hunter of Windmill street
Anatomizes, lectures.

By the stinking well he splintered
Planks. She sat up yawning.
Zounds cried Slig.
The surgeon winced.
I aint dead yet said she.
They said you was said I.

N.77°18', E.153°25'

Winter came grinning.
The hull collapsed.

We walked the long cold
Escalator pack, called
St. Elmo dirty names, flirted
With Snow White till
Hawkins broke the ice
And smelled her virgin face
And never rose. No prince.
(Home we used to turn up
Corpses once a month in
Drunken back lanes of moon
The same in Vermont
Chicago Muscatine.)
She's an old crone
Now, still scolding in
The wind still looking for
Rigid lovers. Crouched
Beneath the cripple sun
Who could tell a cold man?
The compass spins.
There's reason to suspect
We're all as necrophiliac
As Hawkins slock slock
Slock grey slush beyond
The floe. Call it sacrilege
And still I crave my women
Mad, my comrades wan,
Anesthetized in timeless
Frieze—else blessed
With flippancy that dares ignore
The trackless glacier

To light cigars around
With the only map.

You Scratch, It Spreads

Tuesday morning, toast buttered with oleo, Gussie calls. Gussie. My fat-assed sister-in-law who works by day for fancy lady on hill, Mrs. Cornish no-relation to hen on sale for fifty-nine sometimes parts missing who gives the both of them, Gussie (my plumber brother's wife) and Sheila (who is in the university here, no one else so smart, oi . . .) every stitch.

Hand-smocked, if you please, Sheila's blouses.

Labels you rip out and save and sew in something else from Macy's.

Oh, what the rich can't teach the poor.

So rich-bitch Cornish lady hands down because, you wouldn't think to look, she likewise has a daughter. Not so fat like Sheila who goes to school somewhere in the East like it was another country, private fancy school, and sends home labels and handsmocked blouses. Makes Sheila stolz.

Now Gussie, my fat-assed sister-in-law (pardon. She has also other fat parts) relates the news concerning my Phillip. She breathes heavy into phone like during relations and just as gootch. I see her fat legs move with excitement. She has something juicy this time. Can't wait to tell.

My toast cools.

I listen politely.

Gussie relates her pimple of news about my Phillip.

Sheila says . . . so goes the conversation . . . my Phillip is running around with Goldie Schlitz the blond cookie from the Uptown Cafe, blond today, who knows tomorrow? Hair like Rapunzel, hangs down the eyes.

I sip my coffee standing. Look outside. Nice day.

Motor Mouth continues.

'Goldie, Sheila says' (Goddamn Sheila and her says) 'is three months pregnant and looking for someone to pin it on and Phillip is about to become a goat. A married one at that. Are you there?'

I sit on my toast. Feel it crumple.

'I'm here,' I answer. Wishing I was dead. Temporarily.

Gussie continues. Like sand in spinach, you wash. It runs. Never stops.

'It could very well be, Sheila says, one of a dozen others. Phillip is a fool.'

I look out the window and behold. There stands the garbage pail. Knocked over. Dog scrunching around.

Not so nice day.

Fat-Mouth warms up. 'You should have signed when he wanted to enlist. He could get everything bad out of his system. They hang around the camps, the girls . . .

protect themselves. Not like in the neighborhood where everyone knows everyone else's business. Are you all right, Molly? You need support?'

My insides shake like hedge-cheese.

But I will not give her the satisfaction.

She finds a pimple. Scratches. Like poison ivy, it spreads.

I laugh like she has told me maybe a dirty story that she hasn't. Gussie and Sheila are holy and go to church regular like Sheila's periods.

Fat-Ass-mouth. 'I only wanted to warn . . . Didn't want you to hear it from an outsider. Sheila says it's the God's truth. Goldie swears she's got witness. In the apartment. The caretaker. It took place in the laundry tubs, Goldie's night to wash.'

I do not say a word for fifteen seconds.

Then I let loose.

Take out the plug.

Goddamn Sheila and her says. Ask Gussie if Sheila goes around collecting gossip to stuff maybe a thirty-pound turkey.

Ask Gussie in nice-pretend voice how are Sheila's grades anyhow. (Knowing from Phillip they are not so good.)

Then, from simple kindness, hang up quick before she has chance to answer.

I brush crumbs away and I cry. Every night I cry. My foam rubber pillow has no more bounce. It is heavy with brine like the Dead Sea.

I know my Phillip is weak. Like his father who ran off when he was born and has not been heard from since except one Fourth of July a telegram saying come, he is sick.

I fart.

Another telegram. He is dying.

I fart twice.

Now I shake my fist at the black devil has never brought me nothing but trouble even when he was little in school.

Gussie calls again.

I thumb my nose.

Keeps ringing. Seventeen times. I count.

ALYCE INGRAM is practically a writer-in-residence with this magazine, making frequent appearances here during the past couple of years. She lives in St. Paul and is presently putting together a book of short fiction.

Fat-Mouth. 'Everyone says . . . '

I tell her. 'Everyone's doorsteps got some turds. Watch where you step.'

Gussie. 'When a person means well. Tries to warn . . . '

I cry down deep in my stomach where no one can hear.

Out loud I say in special voice I save for when I cannot pay the bills. 'You should be so kind as to tell your daughter to shut her trap and stick the key where it won't reach.'

I hang up loud so her ear drum cracks.

So let it stay.

The rest of the day I do not hear the phone ring. It is Gussie's day off. Only Gussie calls on Tuesday. Keeps ringing with her maggots she should Hilex.

I go outside. Take broom. Bucket. Turn up garbage pail. Clean mess. Kick dog in ass.

Come inside.

Scrub kitchen linoleum. Make coffee. Throw in egg.

'You are lucky,' Gussie tells when she comes at noon sharp like every Tuesday. Brings stale kolache left over from Cornish lady Sunday-Brunch. 'My, so lucky. Such a nice court.'

(She and her shishkabob have only breezeway.)

I thank God on the spot for the court from down on knees, big like my bathroom. Five families each their own garbage pail, eleven snot-nosed kids, blue plastic swimming pool, revolver clothes line, pee in the fountain. *Gott sie dank.* And I know like God made green apples with worms if Phillip marries the Golden Goose from Uptown it will be just like. In no time at all. I babysit. Things repeat.

God damn. God damn. I hate . . . I hate . . .

'Kick him out,' Gussie says from out of her bag she takes her yarn. Knits me between her needles. 'Kick him out. Just like his father. No good. Kick him out.'

I kick her out instead. For Good. Like every Tuesday.

He's my son, I say to the walls. So what can I do.

Goddamn Sheila. Her fault. Carries tales. Did I need to know.

I heat up the iron.

Body and soul I hold together with iron not yet steam. By the hour. In the home. Pleats extra.

Kick out my baby.

My beautiful boy. Beautiful Phillip. Nothing else in life so beautiful, a mother's son. Should be in movies. Wants to be actor. Make good money. Have car with top down. So beautiful. Like Jeffrey Hunter. Like girl. But weak. You see it in the eyes. Inherit from fathers. Mouth soft. Weak. Too long on tittie.

Inherit from father.

Goddamn father. Could not stand the heat. Got out of kitchen.

Took off with blond cookie.

Phillip inherits.

I blow my nose.

Order stewing hen sent from butcher. Fix chicken and dumplings in my head and practice speech for when he comes home.

First a nice kiss on cheek. Maybe no. Better a squeeze. They don't like being kissed once they go out with girls. Ashamed.

A squeeze from his mother. A nice plate of chicken and dumplings.

I tiptoe around to Goldie.

Better yet. I stop my iron and make noodles. Two eggs. Like Joyce Chen.

Five o'clock. All done. Iron cold.

Six o'clock.

Seven.

Noodles cold.

I watch television.

See nothing.

Nine-thirty close to ten he comes home. 'Got fired, Ma. Hell, they're so damn dumb at that place. Don't know their ass from a watermelon.'

Poor boy. I jump up. Turn gas under pot. Look at his hands. Sweat and slivers. Shouldn't have to work at lumber yard so young. Should be in movies. My God, so beautiful. Should be Christ . . . King of Kings . . . Jeffrey Hunter no expression. Looks like constipated goat.

I cannot help myself. I kiss his cheek. He backs away. They all back away.

Even the dog.

Like I got leprosy.

Do I stink?

I ask.

'Your ma kisses. You back away. Does she stink?'

He goes to bathroom. Slams door. Runs water twenty gallons. Pipes rattle.

Comes out smelling like father. No good.

Bum.

I dish up noodles. He sits.

Picks up spoon.

Puts down.

'Ma,' he says. 'I'm in trouble. Got any cash?'

Looks at me like when he was little. Had the earache. Ma . . . can I swim . . . No, my son. Not with the infection . . . where's my trunks . . . Got no trunks . . . gimme a dime . . . got no dime . . .

'You got that blond whore knocked up,' I scream.

He stands up.

Looks no more like Jeffrey Hunter.

Looks like father. Goddamn, rotten, low-down, good-for-nothing skirt-chaser father.

Calls me name. *Bitch.*

I spit.

Not puddle on clean floor.

Just quick poot-spit over left shoulder like Bette Davis. Shows I don't care.

Shows my disgust.

'Save your spit, Old Lady,' he says. 'Help me out or you'll find yourself a grandma.'

I take ladle out of pot. Swing. Knock him loco. He drops dead on floor with noodles in bangs.

I wrap myself around him.

Kiss him like when he was little.

We cry in the dark.

ROGER MITCHELL

GETTING ANGRY

The babies wont
go up in ash,
burn on, bottled
in flame. Where
will air come from
when this is used?

I spend all day
convincing others
to help me take
an inch more of our lives
into our own hands.
But the Deans frown,
and we are, all said,
comfortable enough.
Each returns to his
imperfect want.

And over lunch
I conspire to
smash the market
with a leaden text
on metrics. O
cannon ball, I
cannot lift you.

Untidy identities
left next to poems,
dead cats donated
to St. Vincent de Paul
across unparked shopping
center car lots,

the long jog
under summer
stage lights.

Everything I say
means something
else.

The toaster.
I would have difficulty
relinquishing the toaster,
might give my life
for what it does
to bread.
Who is to say
that it wont come
to just that.

What I mean is,
what I'm saying.

* * * * *

He did nothing
worse than dream
of what he would
not lift a hand
to bring about.
He kept in touch
with those who did
and brought about
the thought that he
did too.

The sense of things withheld
oppressed him.
He was not meeting
her or himself.
The blood grew slack
in him, the cells
slowed down.

Committees met
and he was on them.
He fought for what
he knew would never
pass, and had it
passed, would never
crack the darkness.

* * * * *

All these American lives.
Not enough had been said.
They remained something else
or nothing. Budapest burned
in the Milwaukee twilight
unobserved. They were confused,
stood stripped of their adjectives
at the border crossings.

An imposition of the self
gave London to the wheatstalks
Moscow to the rocks and rainbanks
before it gave them all to something
undisclosed, some underflood of acids
burping through the water's surface
popping the whipped muck like boils,
tugboats towing junkyards out to sea,
atlantises of exhaustion, hissing
as they sink, promises of return,
paste everywhere hardening on the land,
trucks dumping, trucks like blunt penises
rolling the land's last orgasm.

His mind was a grenade.
He threw it everywhere,
a rock against the tanks.
He was disappearing
like a species.

* * * * *

That was as far
as he could go.

His anger was,
finally, beautiful.

II

I plan a poem like a crime.
You and the jury can decide what I did
and if I did it to you.
Look down at your feet.
Is that sand circling your thigh?
I am guilty of whatever you say.
And if you say nothing,
I will invent the charge.
I refuse to be innocent.

I am the silent rapist
clocking your movements
from the squad car across the street.
I am the one who plots marriage
against your daughter.
I am probably black, or white.
I am anything, dangerous,
loving, complete.
Open your mail
carefully.

Call it arrogance, if you like.
I could live with that.

This is your language.
These words are smeared with something primal,
ejections from dark sacks
you carry your minds in
on the way to games
you dream of winning.

History has no mercy either.
It will eliminate you for ignoring it.

I am Jonathan Edwards
come back to haunt you all,
I will haunt you all
without bible or pulpit,
without congregation if need be.
I am your doubts
and you will betray me.

* * * * *

I don't threaten you enough.
I can tell by your faces, by the patience
with which you endure yourselves.
You are like the little people
who live for weeks on a sockful of rice
and Mars Bars stolen from your sons' corpses,
who crawl for five days
under a slow rake of chewed roots,
who sleep in their own and each other's excrement,
who rise on the sixth day and die
ground through the turnings of your barbed wire.
Your defenses are impregnable,
at last even to yourselves.

The huge hump of your portable PX's
which you must carry even into the jungles,
the toothbrush that plugs into human hair,
the matches that light only on dead skin,
the dehydrated steaks that come back raw
in a wash of gun oil and human blood,
your will converted to machines so sensitive
they fire by thinking, they fire by night
as you lie dreaming of the wife and kids,
love, you cry waking, and forests crash through forests.

You can't move.

III

And now you are going,
as though all along you had been here.
I've had the emotion.
I feel better.

You, the incurable
great sentimental mainsway,
whom I invented like a lover,
begin to walk away.

I can see you
over the heads of the Sunday hecklers
starting across the park
through a crumple of sleepers,

hands put away,
through picnics of blind man's bluff,
toward the city
where light suddenly comes up

from the ground like dust
raised by the dark
putting its foot
down hard.

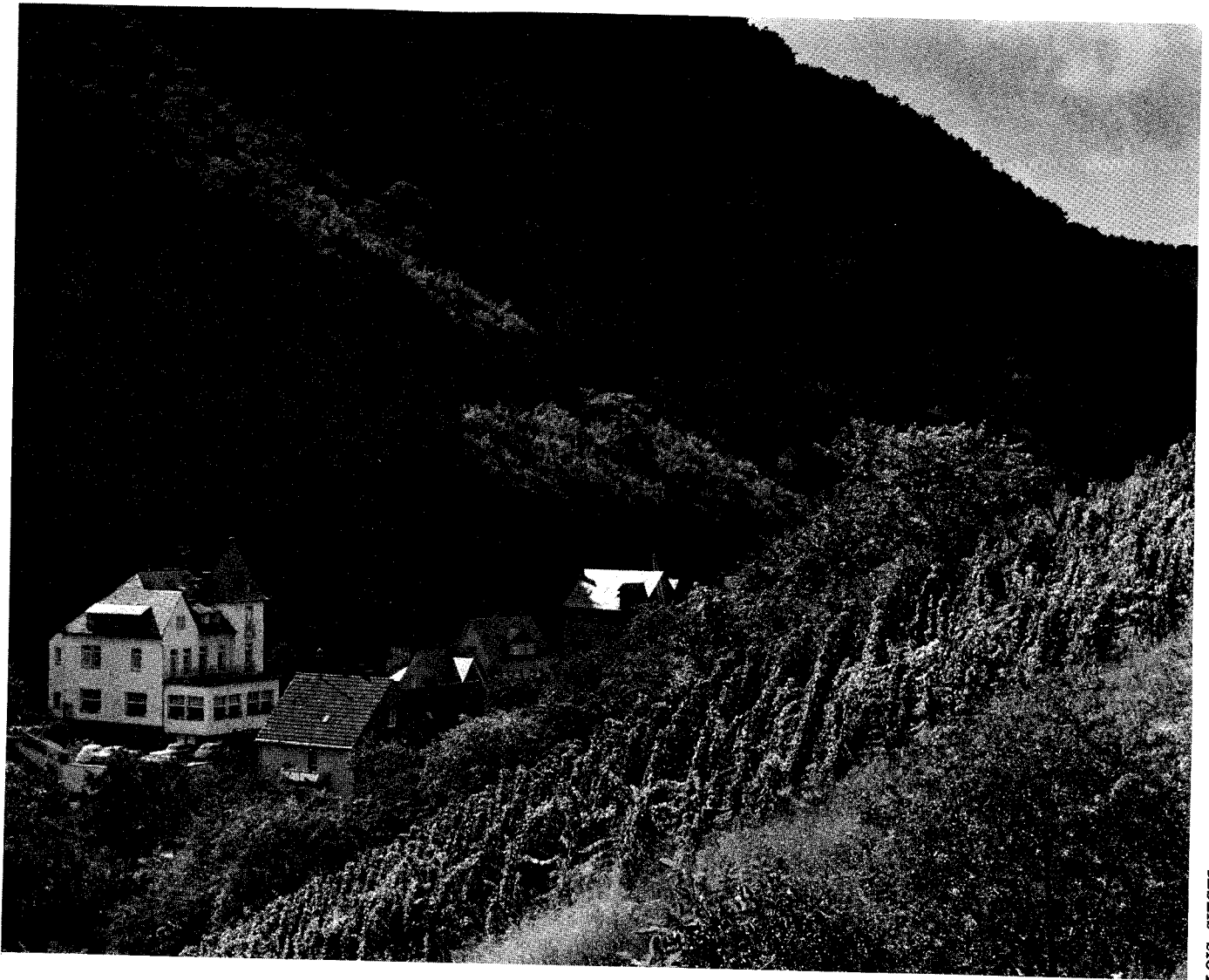
* * * * *

And someone is shaking my hand
and quoting my speeches.
A policeman is taking my name down:
No need to watch

this one, needs
his self
as much as he needs
to think well of himself.

The hand keeps on shaking.
It pumps me home.
It pumps me into my food.
I fill the room.

I cannot let go of the hand.
I have done the right thing.
I will stay indoors.
I win.



LOIS SIEGEL

ASYLUM

Fiction by Carol Hebard

PROLOGUE

THE BREAKFAST

*Want, the mirage of mind,
Slays the ideality of rest;
Steeped within a sanctum
It cannot scale:
A falcon from his pitch.*

*Did the fledgling in the final bird
Mend agony to song?*

Fresh hot tea in a clean white cup;
Dumb gray walls of sullen misremembrance.
About me only
Pleasantries at breakfast,
Pleasantries at breakfast:

"Rationality is a defining trait of mankind
if I exclude my colossally stupid Uncle Herman."
"Wrong."
"Why, jackass, is this statement immune from revision
in the light of experience?"
"These eggs are hard."
"As is your head, my dear."
—Daddy held my head last night—
"All right. Why?"
"Because, jackass, it can neither be denied nor accepted."
—That's why they hate me—
"Who's the new kid?"
—I'm a nice girl. A little plump around the rear end.
Gelatinous—
"Her name's Christine. College student. She's here to
educate her sentiments."

—Spinsters of logic
With soft-sunken jaws;
The death of not wanting;
Teach me—

"Pass the butter."
—Doctor, where—
"They should serve *scrambled* eggs on Friday."
—Then, nourish me—

THE INTERVIEW

"So when the bastards treated you badly, the nice people
didn't treat you at all."
"Graffiti."
"I beg pardon?"

"What's the difference between nice people and passive
bastards?"
"Perhaps you'll learn that here."
"How?"
"Try to relate."
"Can't."
"Won't—what are you afraid of?"
"Not afraid."
"You never felt close to anybody."
"No."
"You must be very angry about that."
"My father spoke to me again last night."
"You are a *very* angry girl."
"Don't *feel* angry."
"Do you feel depressed?"
"Is the Pope Catholic?"
"Why do you ask?"
"Because internalized rage is a burden to the argument."
"I wasn't aware that we were *having* an argument."
"I hadn't thought you were."
"What did your father *say*?"
"Nothing."
"What did your father *say*?"
"Over and over: 'STEP FORWARD SHYLY INTO MY
HOLLOWS.'"
"Anything else?"
"That I was . . ."
"What?"
"Pretty."
"What did *you* say?"
"Graffiti."

THE GARDEN

—Two by two
Round the garden
In quiet conversation
To yourselves enclosed
As leaves in death.
You do not see the swallow haunt the limb

Nor in your penance do you feel
The lambence of the wind—

1,2, buckle my shoe;
Who will walk with me?

3,4, shut the door;
I shall not eat the grass,

5,6, pick up sticks;
Or scream to cars through the bars,

7,8, I can't relate;
I'll rent the air I breathe—

—Oh lady, will you walk with me,
Walk with me beneath the pine,
Dance convulsive through the grass,
Beating rhythms on the wind—

—My head is crashing on the wall,
My teeth are biting stone.
Oh Jesus watch me
Eat the grass,
Scream to cars through the bars,
My head is crash—

—Lips,
Hands,
Arms too graceful to believe—

—Hushed the swallowing darkness,
Cloaked the shame—

“Will you walk?”
“What is your name?”

BEDTIME: THE INVERTED CELEBRATION

—(In spy-darkened time
The eye of my father is upon me
And will not let me rest)—

Darkly I roam to your cool-marbled tomb,
Bone fluted to shadow,
Shadow to dream

Of shuttling grass among the weeds,
Lovingly indiscriminate—close beside
A many-nippled river of the night;
Oh my father,
I wave and rock and lollow
In black, engentled waters
And call your name,
And cannot speak your name.

Birds plug by,
Turtles climb the sky . . .

“STEP FORWARD SHYLY INTO MY HOLLOW.”
“Air!”

“YOU ARE A JEWEL IN A MUSICAL TOMB . . .”
“Daddy, daddy,
Her arms this morning,
Her arms, her arms!”

“DIMMED TO HUSHED WANDERINGS . . .”
“Daddy, daddy,
All your death long you have waited for me—
Have mercy on me, let me live!”

“Lights out, ladies.”

CHAPTER ONE LETTERS TO THE FATHER

*The incubus,
Sweetly disfigured,
Sways in me
A reverie
Of papa's hand
Pinking my bottom
With a puff of lust;
My infant breasts
Wheat-white,
At attention—*

His leaf curled moonward in my palm.

10/7
I just returned from a long walk and funnily enough I
forgot where I lived. Had to look myself up in the phone-

book. Sorry, daddy, flipped out and flew the coop. Shock
three times weekly—out-patient basis. Can't distinguish
fact from fantasy. (Unquote). Tra la, tra la, blame not

my cheeks. Don't fret. I'm not in pain. The nurses and doctors are very nice. I'd like to undress them.

10/8

Some cops today tried to prevent me from jumping off the George Washington Bridge on grounds that I was not a good enough swimmer. Actually, although I only received a C in math., I swim with great aplomb. I am writing to you from the hospital.

10/9

The climate of oblivion is mildewed. Mice flit about like confused functionaries. As fat Leda sits on her Hershey bar and cries, I lie dazed, defining the sweetness of your flesh. Hogwash. In future, my dear, you must admit your desires more openly. If it is a tableau you wish, then confess it. I am, after all, a woman of responsibility who demands to know her function. Very well then.

Just because Bridie O'Bradovich dovens six times nightly in the womb of Jesus doesn't mean that I have to eat fish on Fridays. Am I my sister's keeper? You recall my sister. After her husband cleared his phlegm over the wilds of Madagascar, she up and died having had the satisfaction that her home was completely furnished. Mother, on the other hand, was gay for about 81½ years, but she's over it now due to the fact that in your latter years, you, dear daddy, grew a long nose which was very nice. Something else you grew was long, too. It was also very nice. Altogether you were a long man and that was why she liked you.

—The truncated girl—

P.S. Would Prince Charming have loved Cinderella had she had big feet? Justify your answer.

(More of what you want? In your next letter *tell* me what you want. I should like very much to please you).

10/10

Impropriety is the fault of longing.

I want only to be dear to you. Do you understand? But to live in constant dread of overstepping the bounds of propriety, to feel at your hands (often) a judicious starvation—these harm me.

10/11

I waited for you all morning in my white chemise. At 11:10 I grew rigid holding a glass of hot tea. Had you

CAROL HEBALD writes poetry as well as prose, and "was an actress for ten years, on Broadway, off Broadway, on television and in films . . ." "Asylum" is from a longer work in progress.

come then, I would not now be writing to you with a glove on my hand. Come now and bandage it. I would like to know that you are not afraid of me.

10/12

I did not want to be sent out to the garden to look at the trees. When I watched the squirrel, he stared at me for a few seconds and then leapt away. I want to feed a bird. I want to talk to you but I can't. The trees. Death. The trees.

They tell me that suicide is an escape from rather than a going to—a lazy wish to be reborn. The trees. When I was a little girl, you sat me on your lap and we looked out at the trees. "Look at the sky," you said, "that's where heaven lives. Look at the earth. That's where people live. And below the earth—that's where people die." "What do people do when they die," I asked. "They sleep inside your memory and wake up in your dreams."

They say *you* died, daddy, what do they mean? I wish people wouldn't talk so glibly. I think I hate people. Do I hate trees? What, after all, is a tree to me? A bird is something different. I did not want to be sent out to look at the trees.

10/13

I finished my last shock treatment this morning. Daddy, they're taking away my pen. They say I can't write to you anymore. That you don't exist. I am very confused. In the outside world when my friends spoke of the past, I could never understand because I *had* no past, daddy. Is that because I lived in dreams? I could tell them nothing. I felt contrived.

A little while ago when I loved you, everything was new. Now they say I have to forgive you for dying. Shall I then be wholly cleansed? No longer a nasty little girl? Is that it? No, that's not it. Sometimes I feel like a little girl and I have to be strong enough to be my mother. I want my mother but I can't stand it. There is a thorn in my heart the size of a violin. I want to take it to my mother. I looked in the mirror this morning. I am growing older. Your shadow in the glass the glass asked in. My lord of all pilgrims is a shadow in a glass, and all about me, contrived, except pain.

Daddy, you will not come to my bed tonight. They will give me medicine to stop my tears. You will not come to me, do you understand? You will allow me to hate you.

CHAPTER II THE DIARY

*When You shut my gaze
Upon Your light,
I grew homeless
As a Jew's smart misery
Enlightened to a fiercer pain*

*Than love grown old,
My lord,
Beneath the rising genital of moon.*

11/5

You have been sitting in my bureau for four whole days and I have avoided introducing myself for fear I would not impress you properly. Since you are indeed my better self—oh butter and baloney, how do you do? It's after lights out and I am writing to you on the bathroom floor. Oh, the cleverness of me! Last Tuesday I purposely dropped my medication on the floor. When the nurse was getting me fresh pills, I followed her into the office and stole the pen from her desk. How am I? Well, in a nutshell, all tied up, eating compulsively, and wanting to die in a merry sort of way. Dr. Zohrman is very pleased with me because my father doesn't visit me anymore. By the way, Zohrman looks like daddy. Bald, chubby, even limps a little. Goodnight.

11/10

"Let's conclude today with three things," he said.
"Yes?"

"I won't fill your needs; I will help you understand them.
I won't *do* anything to you."

"Your shoelace is undone."

"Oh."

"Shall I tie it for you?"

"Thank you, Christine, but that isn't necessary."

"It is most necessary."

"How so?"

"If you wish to encourage a proper transference, your appearance should be as meticulous as my father's."

"Indeed."

*He blew a reed into my bones.
I linked steps to his steps
And we loped
Through a veld of stars . . .*

"You have big feet."

"So I'm told."

"I'm running out of wool."

"I beg pardon."

"Kindly remove your shoes."

"May I ask why?"

"I should like to ascertain your size."

"My size?"

"Red knit slippers."

"Slippers?"

"Christmas present."

"For *me*?"

(Silence)

"What occurs to you?"

"I hate your guts."

11/11

He loved my slippers, said he'd be proud to wear them! I want to burst! God slay me for a pathological liar but Zohrman loves me. I know it. I know it. And I? I am quite wildly and stupidly in love. Should I tell him? I love his quiet eyes. He said I should have orange juice and toast for breakfast and let my hair grow. He said he had no objection to my keeping a diary as long as I discussed it with him. He's on call tonight. Perhaps he will come to my room after dinner and I'll wear my beautiful black dress and . . . He *cares* about me. He called me dear.

11/12

Dream: Broadway pigeons crapped on a brick named Phyllis loves a brick named John, and the milk machine downstairs was full of orange juice . . . Fasten on my buckle, Doctor, I'm apt to fly!

11/13

On the rim of the sky rests a bowl of gold: dance with me.

11/14

When he watched me play tennis on the lawn today, he smiled proudly at me. He wants me—I know—oh, very much. He is so kind, so very kind. The stoop of the shoulders, the slight limp. Sometimes I like people in spite of the fact that they have genital organs.

11/15

Today I told him: I said, "I probably love you, but I want to face reality, I want to know . . ." He interrupted me. Said I didn't *want* reality—that it shattered the fantasies I had about myself. Smart-assed Jew. The rain in Spain falls mostly on Martin Zohrman. He gets his jollies that way. As for "transference," it is perhaps the filthiest word in the English language, and I never, never use it even when I'm naughty.

11/16

Dream: Dim lemon dunes and nether wanderings . . . we leapt through a shower of apricots . . . the cow ate the square root of 5 . . . must be hungry . . . fat-faced prick. I can just see him dovening now in Synagogue with his stupid yarmulka on. It's disgusting. Why is it disgusting? I'm jealous that when he goes to pray he doesn't ask me. I want to worship God with him. Is that it? No, that's not it. "As befits a Jewish wife." That's disgusting. I hate

Jewish wives—they're fat and dirty and sloppy. Where is my father?

11/17

Couldn't talk today. And his eyes! They pierced like sunlight! It was hard to breathe. I kept sounding out thoughts in my mind.

11/18

Mommy never told me daddy died. Said he went far away on a long, long trip. I waited for him every day. Every day. I lifted up the telephone to dial my daddy's name. And talked to books and cried to God and no one ever came. Some comfort from the chair he loved. In silence did I wait. Alone I sat together and smiled at no one there. I rummaged through my fancies and roamed away my days; and thoughts fell back to no where a long, long time ago, when once he spoke quite softly and rocked me in his arms.

11/19

I remember a bleak Sunday afternoon in mid-November. I was going to Central Park by myself. As I entered at Eighty-Fifth street, I realized that it was totally deserted and I began to cry. "Only just somebody has to know me and the whole world will love me." I curled up on the grass and fell asleep. A strange man in a black coat walked toward me. I made no attempt to move because I knew he would take me by the hand and lead me onward to a lovely wine-colored forest where we would both be warm . . . The man would not look at me. The lines of his mouth were drawn in terrible fury. The stare in his

eye was wild and lonely. The touch of his hand was cold. Presently, we arrived at a warm spot enclosed by a great cluster of red and black leaves. A heavy summer rain began to fall but our circle was warm and dry. The man sat down on a tree stump and pulled me to his lap. I put my arms around his neck but the stranger took me across his knee and spanked me very hard! I wanted to turn around—to throw my arms about his neck once again, but I was afraid he would let me fall, so I held tightly to his knees as the blood rushed to my head and I started to scream.

Oh daddy, daddy, I remember now, I remember. How your giant body revealed its limbs; my legs spread to hold your music. Oh I couldn't tell you, daddy, I couldn't say it: "No! Take away your lips, it hurts worse to kiss. Oh please, your belly daddy, give it give it. Bury me in cool and sweet. All dirty, daddy, wash me, wash me and pretend me over again. You were never a stranger to me before I knew you. Why are you a stranger to me now?" I couldn't tell you, daddy, I couldn't say it. But sizzling your roots, I made lame your memory. Daddy, I want to kill you, I want to kill you!

11/20

I told Dr. Zohrman. He talked to me for a long time but I couldn't listen. Told him I wanted to flip a lit cigarette in his eye. He said I was working through my anger with daddy. Oh Dr. Zohrman, it's so much more—so much more.

CHAPTER III

THE LETTERS AND THE DIARY

*Thoughts,
Liquid fictions
Slaked through the vein;
The heart,
A shard of mindless ice;
Reverie raped by reverie,*

Till your absence, your gift:

*And suddenly the sun
Steps out briskly upon snails:
Palsied grass, the liquor of leaves,
Alternative of rainbow, career of trees,
And Father, Father,
Loops of bells around glass mountains.*

12/1

Dear Dr. Zohrman:

I think self-flagellation is not without motive. It brings in-to fantasy what it desires most: a savior. But how shed the fantasy, mount the dream? If through labor we find our way back to reality, i.e., the need for labor, then

where is the rest of reality? Perhaps you will tell me part of it, for I experience hunger.

12/4

At thirty-five, her heart's in foetal blood and she won't be touched. Get out of my bed, Mrs. Davila. Come to me. I'm afraid you will come to me. Speak. Stop crying. You

never speak. Mumbling again about a village in the wilderness. Big ass in a blue print dress lying on my bed! A village in the wilderness. Muddy footsteps, spinning leaves. In the dayroom they're ringing, "Oh What a Beautyful Mohrning—" Davila of the lusty lips, you are not resigned. You intend to kill yourself when you leave this hospital, but in the meantime, now that you're here, you may as well do whatever you can to improve yourself—so you're going to brush your teeth and wash out your pajamas.

12/8

"I tell Dr. Rosenberg," she said, "'Good Yuntif and go fuck yourself—'"

"Why you cry, stupid?"

"Stupid."

"Always they think," she said, "Some cause make sorrow. Why you stay here?"

"I must be with you," I said—and a warm spurt of urine moistened the fleshed thighs.

I rose to kiss her head. "Come to the washroom, Mrs. Davila."

"Kill me," she whispered, "I am bad woman. I want to kill my husband and my baby." I soaped her enormous crotch. "Here-here-milk on the nipple." I took her fat breast and made it clean. she grinned, "I, big-pas-sioned. You?"

"Perhaps."

"You have a man?"

"No."

"Big baby."

12/15

Dear Alice Crowe:

Today you ripped your bread and ate it, then wiped your mouth and prayed. I need your good face on my belly now, to feed sweet beef into your hungry mouth. I'd look away when you chewed.

Perhaps I needn't have said that. To impress you with my finesse is itself rather gross, tho, on the other hand, that fault may tend to ease you. One takes a calculated risk in either case. Come to that understanding, social intercourse is a cinch.

My purpose in this letter is to request your presence in the garden tomorrow.

12/24

Ralph Hecht plays chess with me. Who is Ralph Hecht? Silent Ralph. Grinds his fists in the mashed potatoes, masturbates in the halls. Who were you, baby, before you took a razor to your neck? I'll tell you, boy, oh lovely boy.

An urban sophomore: Kennel nursed in caged air, you sneered at the celestial nap of angels and clutched at the beatnik beard of God. Empathizing in the abstract: your aging father suckled on the world too long; uttering the absurd nonchalance: Jesus was a smart-assed Jew.

Go, baby, go! Finding lost memories is only part of the wonderful world of Dr. Zohrman. Gretyl the Goonchild,

was that your girl? Hot pantaloons for Hawthorne, but man could she swing. Oh, you were big, you were daddy, you could almost fly! Sex and food gratified the same desire. Inasmuch as sex was nutritious, you defiled the tit, baby, but hungered for the breast. Goonchild petitioned a match, recall? Wanted to trace its blue light to the blue vein on her wrist: "Too long now have I been silent—stun me." It eluded you, baby, that your wrung blessing smacked of home-made piety, so you told her to cool it and fed her fried snails. Spewed your testy aspersions on the pseudo-aesthetics of Solipsism, and beat a wet-nosed retreat.

Home, you lay in slender sweat, debonair, debonair, gazing on calamity with marblish glare. Fury churned in cabinets of flesh; the chasm would not mend. Then, arising at midnight, with the delicate nausea, the anguished cry, you shielded your sweet sex like a pulsatile jewel.

But why the razor, Ralph? Who are you? If you really thought nobody understood you, then at least somebody would understand that you thought nobody understood you; but it isn't that at all. Ralph, do your gifts belong to you or you to your gifts? Talk to me, boy, oh lovely boy.

CHARLES LILLARD

HOLIDAY MOON

Tomorrow you'll return to your mother,
Her secret warm in your womb.

Tonight you listen to my shadow
Walk across your eyelids;
Each step distinct
As a storm in the hedge.

Tomorrow you'll desert those crumbling haunts
of childhood
As dolls climb a ladder to the crying bats.

Tonight you are fourteen.
Your breath balances on the rim of this glass,
Lightly as the fallacy of the Cross
Now defined in your sex.

THE ART OF FUGUE

A Story by Marilyn Thompson

Preston set the needle at the beginning of *The Simple Fugue* and said, "You are about as tangible as hummingbird's breath," wishing she would look at him so he could see her eyes, or that she would say something, anything, just to hear her, and more, maybe to get a clue from the words or their sound that would tell him where exactly she was just then and what she might do the next instant, the minute after that, an hour from now, tomorrow. He wished he could see as far as sometime tomorrow, so he could sleep tonight; but quickly gave that up and wished just to be with her as he was, but to get her to talk or move, to be with him so they could be together; then gave that up too and just watched her stirring pinto beans in a cast-iron dutch oven. He said, "You're not holding up your end of the conversation."

Shirley said, "Pres, I'm *listening*," and she was, she was stirring and listening, listening intently to Preston's favorite composer, to his favorite work by that composer.

And me so shook I am not hearing it myself, he thought.

A lock of her hair, fuzzed in the dampness, blurred her profile and hid her eyes, so that she looked to him as though at any moment she might evanesce with the steam. In the environment of anxiety-paranoia she made for him to live in, he imagined this might be his last look at her, barefoot, in faded bell-bottom jeans and red wool pullover, his, three sizes too large for her, out at the left elbow and shapeless from her vengeful scrubbings in the mineral hard waters of Pasco, Washington.

Her presence in his life was definite, unmistakable. She scrubbed his sweaters like a militant with a cause, hung them with clothespins by the shoulders and left them to sag; defrosted the refrigerator at midnight or six a.m., turning on with the vegetable trays, ice pick and hammer like a rock band, amplified; shrank socks, scorched collars, warped two discs of Landowska's *Well-Tempered Clavier*, and wore out shoes faster than any

girl Preston had ever lived with and bought shoes for. Yet he thought of her as delicate, fragile as those summer butterflies of palest yellow, as brief, as fleeting. Intangible, yes, what he had said: hummingbird's breath.

In the same room with him she was never where he thought she was, had been a moment before, so that he lurched like a diesel through their dialogues, their silences, their living together, here, there, clumsy, saying too much or too little and at the wrong time, bumping into doorframes, knocking over lamps, perspiring, reaching and closing his fingers around—nothing. She was never there, though she was often near, a foot or two away, looking over her shoulder, in the bathroom flushing the toilet, on the bedroom floor in a yoga headstand.

She was no girl he could count on. If he took a new route home from the substation where he worked measuring and recording the river's volume, if he walked to the corner tavern for cigarettes and stayed to talk fish counts and water levels with the bartender, if he dozed off reading *Ramparts* after rice and tea, she might vanish. She might leave him. She had done it before; he suspected she was about to do it again, maybe for the last time.

They sat down to beans and pisano at the beginning of *The Double Fugue*. He watched each glance, each gesture, for any clue at all to her intentions, which were surely voluminous, and, he suspected, probably devastating.

Her refusal even to acknowledge his presence Preston took in his best defensive manner; his ulcer clenched like a fist. The first time he had seen her was in The Boston Tea Party where she waited tables between art history classes; she'd dropped a steaming pot of Darjeeling into his lap, and it was he, Preston, who felt guilty.

And now he sat uneasily behind his bowl of beans, his stomach tensed, his Shirley-jangled nerve ends buzzing like white noise. He wished he knew whether it made a difference if he leveled or played it cool, wondered if he should kiss her or pass her the salt.

Three-quarters of the way through the third *Fugue in Contrary Motion* Shirley swung around, got up and started to the door, open on the August evening and the world. Preston panicked, and tipped the wine before he

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realized she was only latching the screen. He gave up on the beans then, moved to the couch, and lit a cigarette, the last cigarette in the pack he'd opened that morning.

Against a background of clattering flatware, a Teflon saucepan bounced across tile, faucet on full, then off with a choked sound, he smoked fast and wished they could live together a life without binding agreements or future commitments, without structure beyond the chancy unfolding of each moment. That was what Preston had intended, that was how he had wanted it, at least at the beginning. She was the drug Preston had sworn never to get hooked on—Preston, who had always decided who, when, and how long; who had kept his relations with women simple.

He sat and smoked compulsively while it got dark, and stars came out over Pasco, Washington. The wine was gone, the bottle translucent; the warring voices of the last fugue danced their intricate dance of tension somehow to conclusion; the turntable quietly unwound, slower and slower, like a hypnotist's charm, and Preston passed out of schizophrenic wakefulness into fitful sleep.

In the morning she was gone. Bergson's *History of Oriental Art* was missing from the shelf, the rebozo he'd brought her from Oaxaca wasn't draped across the director's chair where he'd noticed it the previous evening, and he couldn't find her ice axe and crampons where they usually were just inside the basement door. He looked for a note—there wasn't any; there never was—and then just stood in the doorway, still in his shorts, stared at the blank driveway—she'd taken the VW—and wondered if she'd be back, if it would be a week, a month, or longer, if she'd be back at all.

He felt deprived, depressed, desperate—and relieved. Whistling a phrase from one of the *French Suites*, he made coffee, bacon, eggs, and toast and ate as though he'd just come down from a high. He got a ride to the substation with the secretary and did the monthly and quarterly calculations perfectly.

That evening he found an envelope in the mail slot containing the VW keys and a scrawled map of downtown Pasco with an x where he'd find the bus. Nothing more, not even her name.

In a state of anxiety-free bliss, he made a double recipe of macaroni and cheese and ate all of it while Gimple executed all the violin partitas unaccompanied. It felt good just to eat, slow, dull and alone. That night he slept as though suspended in fluid, in the dark, anechoic chamber of a womb, without fear dreams, without sex dreams, without dreams.

Days passed, weeks passed. In fits of imagining he supposed Shirley climbing the north slope of Rainier with a young Seattle attorney, two foresters and a professor of economics whose specialty was Latin American trade unionism; the professor took her to Rio on Braniff, and later she settled in New York with the Braniff pilot, until she met an electric-guitarist for a group known as The Sinister Phone Call

Preston met a redhead who played first chair cello

with the Seattle Symphony and with acid could perform a professional strip tease, and a blonde who taught Yoga at the Yakima YWCA and held daily six a.m. meditation sessions in her apartment. Both were willing, even eager, and he finally talked himself into the blonde, but after they'd passed a joint back and forth through all of the *Pathétique*—she liked Beethoven—Preston had to admit it was Shirley he missed. He drove the blonde home without even faking a mild pass.

He bought a pipe. He bought the *B Minor Mass*. He brought home a stray cat that appeared one day at the substation, purring and arching against the doorpost.

The way the cat devoured quantities of tuna reminded Preston of Shirley. Both shared the same total concentration on the act of eating. The first time he'd made mushroom soup for Shirley at midnight, she'd eaten without looking up until the bowl was empty. Even then he'd sensed the distinct possibility of her imminent flight, had imagined that when the soup was gone she would flap the winged sleeves of her boutique dress and fly from him.

In a week's time the cat turned sleek and disappeared.

He played snooker at the corner tavern. Musing over cheap beer one Friday night, he suddenly thought, *Why, she's not coming back*. He felt the shocked surprise of hitting upon a truth.

He figured Shirley had been the one. She had been the one and he had missed. Now she was gone, into that dark where people you never see again go. Out of your life, their absence is simple and clean, a blankness the mind sometimes stumbles on, then forgets.

It occurred to Preston that he was quite alone. Two and three ranchers and loggers at tables remarked on politics and weather. Small businessmen drank Blitz and watched T.V. Down the counter the bartender nodded in conversation with a radiator repair shop foreman and a waitress from the cafe next door. He was alone with a two-bit government job and a well-established case of ulcerous indigestion.

And he could see no prospect of not being alone, at least in the near future. The neon juke box bubbled. He was awed by the finality of his own vision.

The solstice passed, the equinox approached and passed. In May he started karate lessons, in June he gave them up. He kept to a rigid diet, he slept excessively, and the Columbia River rolled by the government substation where he took his pay and still thought sometimes about Shirley, flowed south and then west to an ocean, the name of which means "peaceful."

Three weeks after he'd applied for a transfer, and when he'd just begun to enjoy music again, and when he finally began to be able not to give a damn about her, he was awakened by the crashing of chunks of white frost on enamel. His nervous system jangled like a room full of telephones and he was up, groping for his pants and stumbling to the kitchen, where that hurricane, his girl, was beginning her day.

He saw the iron steaming on the ironing board, her portable sewing machine devouring a swatch of red and

purple paisley, and a paint brush and two gallons of burnt-orange enamel on the floor beside the stove where a pot of what smelled like rice was boiling. From the living room a harpsichord began the first notes of the *Unfinished Fugue*, and Preston lunged, as Shirley smiled and said, "I'm pressing your jacket," and the ironing board burst into flame.

"You're killing my jacket!" he shouted, and for once she looked contrite and burst into tears. It was the first time he'd ever seen her cry, and he knew it was time to propose something definite between them, something quite practical, like a grimy collar or a refrigerator in need of defrosting, and something tangible, even blunt, like a boulder on a coffee table, something unmistakably there.

He was high, exhausted, mad, fed up and in love with her as the rice boiled over and his avacado corduroy jacket smoked and turned black. He took her by the shoulders and said, "Do you want a kid?"

She sobbed and nodded into his shoulder, and he held her and said through clenched teeth, "Then make a dress and I am going out right now to buy the license." He turned, walked out and got in the bus, not once looking back, drove down 26th to River, east on River to Third, parked on Third in front of the County Courthouse. He put a nickel in the meter before he remembered he hadn't shaved.

By then he could laugh, knowing she'd be there when he got back.

ROBERT SCHULTHEIS

THE FLYING REPTILES

Who knows what long-lost ecological niche they came from? The beautiful flying reptiles, with their big elegant heads, tongues flickering, claws poised, sun glinting red and iridescent blue on feather-scales, flanks, wings: soaring in the seawind, drifting in. From the dusty throatheart of a dead volcano: eggs cracking in a vision . . . unravelling out at dusk like some new kind of smoke . . . Far away in the Southern Trades, where the islands are set like "green jewels" in the "vast blue deep" . . .

They ate depots and vans. Turnpikes were menaced. Soot production fell. Jokes were not made: stuck in the craw like glue sorrow.

It was decided that Captain Coyote should be called up. A search commenced.

The city at dawn. Red city. The silent, silver ocean stretching away. Off the coast, hanging in the wind, a great flock . . .

It was discovered that Captain Coyote was living in Omaha-Council Bluffs—"gone to ground." Agents were sent to get him.

He was living in the western suburbs: rolling hills of split levels and ramblers, under the barren Plains skies. Inquiries with the neighbors revealed that he was regarded as dissolute and dangerous. Significant numbers thought he was Possessed.

A weedy, meadowy lot among the cropped, neat, green ones. Sunflowers, milkweed, daisies and prairie grass, whiffing, flickery, aglow. Wild sound blasted from the house. A 1959 Harley-Davidson 74, with flames-painted tank, sat on the front walk. There was an old pickup truck out back, lopsided, rickety. Neighbors stood in front of their houses, looking angry and/or worried.

Captain Coyote, smoking Papago tobacco ("Worst in the world"—Expert) and Jimson's Weed, greeted the agents with huge laughter. He began to dance, singing this song:

*"To work for the government
means much disgrace.
It would be better
to let monsters eat their fill.
Let things work themselves out,
and there are no more problems;
try to find an answer,
and one question becomes a thousand."*

And with those words, he vanished.

THE PLIGHT

Alan Balyn, B.A., M.A., Ph.D. (Harvard), had an impulse. It was as insistent and involuntary as the vague stirrings he still sometimes felt beneath his sheet in the morning.

Behind his house ran a stream. This stream, half-hidden beneath langorous trees and fruit-burdened vines, wended its way past the houses of other faculty members and townspeople to a widening at the university, where Professor Balyn had often observed his students frolicking in its depths.

Beside the stream, as it approached his house, was a path well worn by Professor Balyn, whose daily walks there were wedded to the reading of scholarly journals. But the Professor was not immune to the seductive beauty of the stream. In recent years, in fact, he had found himself increasingly distracted from his reading by the glint of bright sun on its surface and the gentle play of waves at the water's edge. The temptation was profound: to remove his clothes and enter the stream. To swim—oh, yes, to swim!—to cavort in the water as he had not done in all the years he had headed the department.

One day, then, when the sun beamed good will and the water bubbled playfully over the brown silt on the bank, the temptation was irresistible. Laying his scholarly journal under a distant tree and removing his clothing (even his undergarments) the Professor went dancing toward the stream.

It had been his intention merely to flirt with the water, to dabble his way along the edge as he tested the new sensation. But upon dipping in his toe, he became so embarrassed at the thought of being observed by some chance passer-by that he immediately sought refuge in the deeper water at the middle of the stream. There he sank comfortably into the thick mud at the bottom and noted with relief that it covered his private parts. The water itself came to just below his chin, and although its lapping at his beard was a slightly unpleasant sensation, the effect of the whole was soothing to his arthritic limbs.

After a few moments in this stance—waist deep in mud, shoulder deep in water—the Professor decided that since there was no one around he might try his skill as a swimmer. He braced his arm for a stroke and pressed his foot against the mud to shove off into the water. But a frightening thing occurred. The mud shifted beneath him and began to pull him downward. The water began to rise above his chin and the Professor

realized he was drowning. Terrified, he fought the water—splashing, pushing, trying to wriggle free—while his heart pulsed loudly beneath the surface. His nose was submerged then rose again as he flailed about wildly. Meanwhile, his legs were locked tight in a walking position deep in the mud. After several moments of fruitless effort he realized that he could not free himself. His chest heaved and his arms sank with exhaustion as he accepted his fate.

At that moment, however, Professor Balyn made an extraordinary discovery: He was not going to drown after all. As soon as he became perfectly still, the water and mud were no longer menacing, and he could rest against the silt in reasonable comfort; but the moment he tried to stir, the mud beneath his waist displayed an almost animate eagerness to suck him up. He tested his discovery, twisting his body very gently in the mud. The response was so ominous—the shifting and pulling beneath him—that his heart fluttered uncontrollably. He ceased his efforts immediately and the threat subsided. He became convinced then, as he stood there immobilized, that some malevolent force in nature was acting upon him, punishing him for an impulsive act. The force now literally threatened him at every step; if he were to make a move he would almost certainly drown. He could survive only by remaining perfectly still.

The Professor saw only one clear way out of his plight, and this he now considered. He knew that he would soon be missed at the university, where he was due for his afternoon class, and missed, too, by the servant girl who came in the afternoons to clean and to prepare his supper. His one hope was a simple expedient: he must ask for help. And yet this alternative, plain and direct, made him faint with shame. How could he, a Professor at the University, face the ignominy of such a rescue? How could he, Alan Balyn, Ph.D., endure the observation of his nakedness?

Thus engaged in thought, the Professor watched the sun sink slowly into the trees and the dusk settle finally into darkness. Realizing that his whereabouts were not yet known, he resigned himself to a night of discomfort. And as the waves lapped menacingly at his whiskers in the approaching darkness the Professor wondered sadly what had ever caused him to abandon for a momentary pleasure the voice of his discipline.

Morning was a welcome arrival. As the rising sun kissed the water the day became serene once more. The Professor was calmed by the sight of things which had been obscured and magnified by the shadows of night. With daylight came reason and the reassurance that his plight could be handled rationally.

DONNA MARTIN is an editor, presently with the Kansas University Press, and publishes both articles and fiction. This is her first story in our pages.

Flapping his arms in the water for the slight diversion it offered him, the Professor tried hard to concentrate. All he could think of, however, was food, and a succession of images—poached eggs on toast, broiled grapefruit with honey, bran flakes with sliced bananas, and tapioca pudding—passed through his mind tantalizingly. Late in the afternoon, when he heard at last the sound of footsteps coming toward the bank, he nervously realized he had made no progress at all in thinking through his predicament. It was, expectedly, his servant girl, that person the Professor had so often characterized to friends as thin, competent, and stupid.

"Why, Professor," said she (thinly, competently and stupidly, thought he), "whatever are you doing in the water?"

"What does it look like?" he said equivocally.

"Why, swimming."

"Excellent."

The girl shifted her weight from one foot to the other. "Professor Rathbone came by a little while ago to ask why you had missed class yesterday afternoon and this morning."

"And?"

"And to remind you of the meeting tonight."

"Please tell any callers that I am indisposed."

"Ill?"

"Indisposed."

Downcast, the girl turned to leave.

"What are we having for dinner tonight?" the Professor inquired.

The girl brightened. "Why, nice juicy lamb chops," said she.

"How soon can you bring them down?"

"Bring them down?"

"Bring them down."

Her simple face clouded. "It shouldn't be long," she said, hurrying away.

In a few minutes she was back, precariously carrying a rubber dishpan. She set it on the bank and squatted down beside it. From its recesses she removed a silver teapot and a china cup. The Professor watched her impatiently.

"Will you have one sugar or two tonight?" said she, tongs poised above the sugar bowl.

"Six, please."

"Six?"

The Professor nodded sheepishly.

"And cream?"

"Of course cream!"

Wincing, the girl poured the cream, removed the silver service from the tub and floated dinner to the Professor. He reached out as far as he could, feeling the ominous shifting of silt beneath him, and mercifully caught it. He looked at the food ravenously then glared at the girl, who was still squatting on the bank watching him.

"You can come back for the tub in thirty minutes," he said.

"Yes sir," she replied.

"And when you come, please bring me my Milton from the writing table."

The girl nodded and departed.

In thirty minutes she was back with his Milton. He had decided that the words of the great master would be comforting to him at this time. And besides, this was a paperback copy on which a smattering of mud or a sprinkling of water could not make much difference.

Wordlessly he floated the tub of emptied dishes back to the girl and wordlessly she balanced the Milton on the teacup and floated it back to him. When he had removed the book and returned the tub once more, the girl lifted it from the shore.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" she inquired.

For a moment, as he faced her placid gaze, a cry of desperation formed in his throat. But he clutched the Milton tightly in both hands and the cry subsided, unheard. "No, nothing," he said quietly, and opened the book.

For some moments after the girl left, the Professor kept his attention fixed upon Milton. At length, however, the strain of holding the book up above the water's surface and reading into the glaring sky became too much for him and with a resounding splash he dropped it into the water and watched it disappear into the mud.

There was seemingly no pastime he could enjoy in this state, not even the pleasures of scholarship. The sun was filtering once more through the lowest limbs of the trees and the Professor realized he had made a serious error of judgment. Oh, why had he resisted the chance for rescue when rescue was his only hope?

He began then to think of what rescue would be like. It would inevitably be discovered that he had abandoned not only his scholarly journal but all of his clothing in his foolhardy venture. He would have to appeal to the charity of an ignorant servant girl if he were to be removed. And he would, of course, become the laughing stock of the whole university.

"Have you heard about Balyn?" he could hear his colleagues say over coffee in the faculty lounge. "Found in the middle of the stream without a stitch on. Couldn't get out. Had to send his servant girl for help. They pulled him out with a crane, you know. He asked his servant to avert her eyes but they say she was peeking." Loud laughter. "Balyn's a fool!"

The blood rushed to his head just thinking about it.

"Have you heard about Professor Balyn?" he could imagine one coed's mother saying to another. "Went swimming in a public stream in the altogether. Absolutely! What trust can you put in a man like that? His servant watched them remove him. Terrible experience for a young girl. I'm having my daughter taken out of his class."

Professor Balyn's heart thumped loudly beneath the water's surface. It was too horrible to contemplate.

Thus occupied he spent a restless night in the stream. Drowsing fitfully he often caught himself dropping for-

ward into the water, dousing his whiskers and splashing his nose. Only a kind of subconscious vigilance kept him from drowning altogether. When morning came he felt greatly weakened.

In the hours which passed before he could expect his servant, he rehearsed his explanation: "An impropriety, admittedly, but with unforeseen consequences" "A miscalculation of natural forces" "An unseemly act, perhaps"

When the girl finally did arrive, however, the Professor's speech was shattered like a thousand reflections on the water. With her came her boyfriend—that imbecile, that nitwit, that supercharged specimen of a sub-human species that the Professor had come near to ordering off his property for salivating on his carpet. Now, as this creature approached with the girl, leering, ogling, straining for comprehension, the Professor grew enraged.

"Are you in the water again, sir?" said the girl, nearing the bank with the rubber tub in hand.

"No, I am traveling in a dirigible off the coast of France."

Blinking, the girl looked at him for a moment, then stooped down to float him the tub. "Professor Rathbone left a letter for you. He asked that I deliver it right away." She pushed the tub in his direction.

"You haven't brought my dinner?" he cried.

"It's only three-thirty."

"Don't tell me what time it is. Bring me my dinner."

The girl nodded. "It will be a few minutes," she said. "I'm waxing the kitchen floor." She looked towards her companion affectionately. "Would it be all right if Bobo brings it down?"

"Bobo?" he roared. "Bobo!"

"Yessir," the girl said quietly. "I'll bring it myself."

The Professor intercepted the tub, removed the letter, and floated it back. As the girl and her boyfriend returned to the house he opened the envelope and dropped it into the water. He held the letter high above the water in order to read it.

"*What has become of you, my friend?*" said Dr. Rathbone in his forceful, even script. "*This is not the behavior one would expect of a brilliant and disciplined scholar.*" The Professor felt a twinge of guilt at the rebuke. He tried to concentrate, but a sprinkling of water on the letter made it hard to read. "*For three days you have failed to meet classes and on two successive evenings you have disappointed your colleagues by neglecting to attend meetings of considerable importance.*" He admitted to himself that he had failed to act manfully. He was ashamed, and also a little distressed that the letter was getting too soggy to be preserved in his collected correspondence. "*An explanation would have sufficed, you know, but none has been forthcoming. Where is your sense of responsibility?*" The Professor winced at the truth of the indictment, at the same time wiping a bit of mud off his cheek. He had, he knew, been irresponsible; it was how he got into the plight in the first place. "*I hope you will take immediate action to remedy*

the situation," said Dr. Rathbone. "*In any case, I expect some reasonable excuse.*"

At this point the Professor was affected by dizziness, owing, he felt sure, to his having held the letter above the water for some moments as he tried to read in the direction of the sun. "*I hope you will take immediate action,*" he had read, but when he looked again the line had become blurred. A rush of nausea forced him to close his eyes. "*I hope you will take immediate action.*" The letter, here and there splattered with water, had become impossible to read. The strain of holding it above his head was beyond endurance. "*I hope you will take immediate action.*" The Professor gasped in anguish and his hand dropped forcibly into the water, sinking the missive.

Action? With all the strength he could bring to bear the Professor pushed forward into the mud, at the same time pressing down hard against its surface with his hands. The water churned uncomfortably around him and the mud seemed to draw him more deeply in. Action? His mouth sank below the level of the surface and he gulped desperately for air. For a horrible moment he flailed about in the roiling water, the sensation of drowning so close he felt his heart would burst blood red into the stream as he went down. All but his pulsing temples seemed submerged when at last he gave up his fight. Dropping his arms he gave an awful cry—and found, to his surprise, that he could still breathe.

He straightened up and took stock. In all his struggles he had neither risen nor sunk a single inch in the mud. Action? Action was useless. Determination was futile. He knew more than ever that he was in the grip of a malevolent force which rendered him completely immobilized. "I cannot move," the Professor said to himself. "I cannot. I cannot." When his servant returned with his dinner and Bobo, the Professor was suspended in gloom. Intercepting the tub silently he waved the girl away, resigned to still another night in the stream.

The next afternoon, however, the girl returned alone. Squatting down on a rock, her head cocked curiously, she watched him for some moments. "Professor," she said finally, "are you in some kind of difficulty? Do you need help?"

"No!" he said, turning away.

"If you're afraid—"

"Can't a man enjoy a swim?"

"But I haven't seen you move in days."

"The mud—I'm enjoying the mud."

The girl stared at him quizzically, then stood up. "Really," she said, "you should let me help you."

"No!" he cried.

She began unbuttoning her dress. "I'm a very good swimmer."

"No! No!"

She stripped down to her bra and panties and the Professor closed his eyes tightly and turned his face away.

"If it's just a matter of getting back to shore—" she said, plunging in.

"Stop!" he said. "Stop! Don't come near me!"

"You got a telegram from the Chancellor's office," she said, swimming toward him. "He's threatening to cancel your contract."

"No!" cried the Professor. "Stay back!"

"The electricity was turned off today. I'm cooking stew on a hibachi." With firm strokes she moved in his direction.

"No! I don't need your help!"

"Nine quarts of milk have gone sour in the milkbox. Your begonias have died. Your driver's license has been revoked."

"No!" he cried. "Don't come out here!"

"You missed your appointment with the eye doctor. It will be three years before you can get another. Your goldfish are floating on their stomachs."

She reached the Professor, stopped swimming, and seemed surprised to find the water no deeper. She stopped just in front of him and sank into the mud up to her waist. "Why, no wonder you come out here," she said.

"Why, it's real pleasant, isn't it?" She stretched her arms expansively, exposing her young breasts. "Ummmm, this mud's real nice!" she said wiggling around delightedly. The Professor looked on in horror.

"Well, I hope you'll forgive my pertinence," she said, "but I must say I thought—"

He could not bring himself to speak to her.

"Anyway, I can see now that you're okay."

She pressed her hands into the water and surfaced gracefully. With long, clean strokes she started back toward the shore, the Professor's eyes rapt upon her. She reached the bank, climbed upon the rock, and shook herself off, laughing.

The Professor's eyes were fixed in fascination upon her thin body, fully exposed beneath her wet underwear.

"Well, will you at least come out for dinner?" she said playfully.

Beneath the mud the Professor felt only numbness. "I'm afraid—" he said, looking away, "I'm afraid not."

PETER KLAPPERT

ELLIE MAE LEAVES IN A HURRY

There's some who say she put death up her dress
and some who say they saw her pour it down.
It's not the sort of thing you want to press

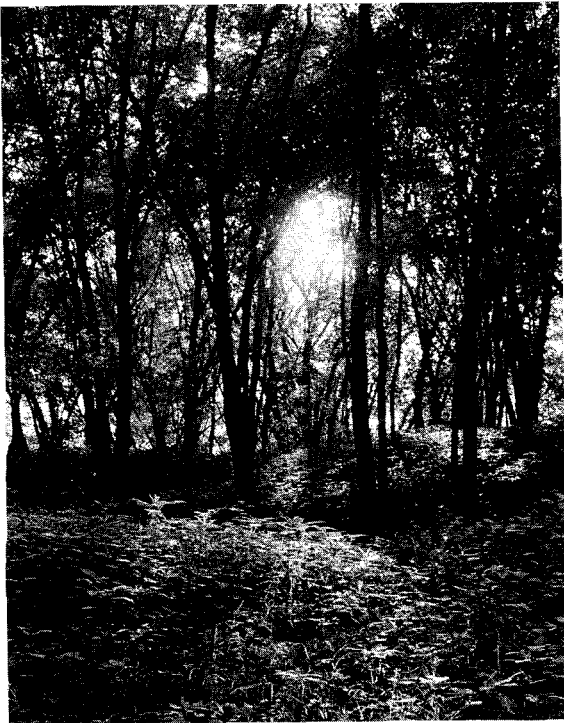
so we just assumed she planned on leaving town
and gave her money for the first express.
She had some family up in Puget Sound.

Well we are married men. We've got interests.
You can't take children out like cats to drown.
It's not the sort of thing you want to press.

We didn't know she'd go and pour death down,
though most of us had heard of her distress.
We just assumed she planned on leaving town.

There's some of us who put death up her dress
but she had family up in Puget Sound.
We gave her money for the first express.

Well we are married men. We've got interests.
Though most of us had heard of her distress.
You can't take children out like cats to drown,
it's just the sort of news that gets around.



TO CHARLEY IRON NECKLACE (Wherever He Is)

In parts of Northern Michigan the land is wild; forests, some still virgin, abound with pine, white birch, oak, the maple and the elm. There are orchards of cherries, apples, peaches which ripen in the sunlight of summer days like clusters of jewels against green velvet leaves. In the forests are gentle white-tailed deer and fierce wolverine and in the streams and narrow brooks rainbow trout jump. Man is here, too, and there are signs: the Mackinac bridge jutting across water and wilderness and the great ships which carry cargo of lumber and iron through the Saulte Locks. It is very pleasant to watch the white smoke of black boats against the blue horizon of sky and Lake. Man is here, but he is unobtrusive as the deer which come to water's edge to drink at the Little Bay de Noc, and if you choose you can walk along miles of golden beach without seeing anyone.

The snow begins to fall in mid-November and it falls until late February or sometimes even to late March; it is deep and beautiful and immaculate, and it stirs the imagination of men to invent games so that they can go out and touch it and be thoroughly enmeshed and engrossed with it. The skiers come up to Boyne all season in small bright-colored planes and by the busload, and the children skate and play hockey on the crystallized lakes with crude, heavy sticks and pieces of ice. The springs are long and sometimes there are false springs and winter returns. We look for the robin for the time to plant and when the ground loses its hardness. When we are finished planting the air is heavy with lilac and apple blossom and everyone is lighthearted with springtime.

Late summer and the fall was the time I liked the best, when the harvest is brought in and when the leaves are set in brilliant array against the cloudless sky and the

waters are warm enough for comfortable swimming. After the harvest, the hunters come up to kill for sport and not for meat the white-tailed deer, the partridge, and the bear. We who were born and raised here resented the hunters who came to kill for sport and not for meat. A deer could feed a family for a month and we knew they would take a bite of the tough, sweet meat and be disappointed and throw most of the carcass away. We knew this because after they had taken photographs of the lifeless, gutted deer, they would try to give it away or just leave it by the roadside and it made us bitter towards them.

At the time I hung with Elvira Noon, Ginger Loomsfoot and her brother, Jason, Jacqueline Wilquette, Sharon Ketchanago, Tommy Strongbow, Ann Marie Sauk, David and Louise Blackbird. Tommy Strongbow could drink anyone under the table and always won at arm wrestling. He was pretty strong all right and nobody messed around him too much. David Blackbird was the shrewd one, especially with money; and he was handsome. All Elvira Noon wanted out of life was to marry him since they both got drunk on corn liquor in the orchard and made love under the apple blossoms and moonlight. We knew that some day they would legally marry for the Chippewa is married with the uniting of flesh and not with the mere exchanging of words or vows. It was wrong to do otherwise or to come between a man and a woman; and if some girl had eyes for David Blackbird she was antagonized, ostracized, and

S. M. SWAN lives and writes in Grand Rapids, Michigan. This is the first story she has written (she tells us); it follows that her appearance in the NAR is her first anywhere.

in every way made miserable by the other women until she found another interest; it was the custom. Louise Blackbird was delicate and pretty; whatever she wanted she usually got, if not by her charm, by her arguments. Jackie joined the convent of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity as soon as she turned seventeen, but until that time she raised hell like the rest of us. Jason was a dreamer, maybe he was even a poet. His sister was sweet and shy, concerned over whatever happened to you, ready to laugh or weep with you over everything that happened to you. Sharon Ketchanago was plain and unhappy because her home life was troublesome; and, later, she married a man just like her father who beat her as her father beat her mother.

When we went to Charley Iron Necklace's, we had to walk through the meadow in back of the Blackbird's orchard, straight down to a clump of cedars where a stream ran by. There was a large willow on the meadow side of the stream, and there the stream narrowed so that you could jump over it. On the other side was the wood and if you walked a little more than a half mile into it, in a straight line with the willow, you would be at Charley Iron Necklace's shack. It was very well hidden among the pines which were planted for the coolness in summer and to keep out the north wind in the winter, and you had to remember the willow tree and line yourself up just right or you would be lost if you did not know the wood. There were brown dried leaves on the ground that covered your ankles and rustled as you walked in them, and you would step lightly, sliding your foot along in the leaves, rather than stepping down, to avoid the things that could be hidden in them. Every time I stepped in the leaves I would think that in a million years the leaves would be coal, deep in the ground, and it fascinated me to think of how this would come about and what the earth would be like then and what creatures would dwell on it. Tommy Strongbow would always run ahead of us until he was out of our sight and would climb a tree and hide in its branches until we approached, then he would spring down on us with a yell and surprise us and make us laugh. David Blackbird always had his eyes out for mink and when he saw one he took after it, but their little bodies slipped quickly through the wood and they were lost to the eye in seconds. He wanted to start a mink ranch, although the rest of us agreed that minks were too mean and vicious to raise for any kind of money.

Charley Iron Necklace was an old man, a relative of the Loomsfoot. When they moved all the Indians off the land to the Chippewa Reservation on the Lower Peninsula, he was already old and that was fifteen or twenty years before this time. He refused to budge and he stayed, because he was already set in his ways and because he knew all the streams and forests and the farmers who would trade with him and he was fond of his world and the people of his world. The property where he lived belonged to the State of Michigan and it was unlawful for him to be on it; but the conservation officer, Reb Kelly, overlooked it; he was a compassionate man and

he knew Charley Iron Necklace had nowhere else to go, that he did no one harm by being there, and that he had not many years left, so he left him alone, breaking the State law, but keeping the greater law, the law of Love. Charley had taken Reb fishing and hunting when they were both much younger and had taught many things of where they could get wild turkey and wild goose and how to catch trout when no one else could, and Reb had too much respect for him to kick him off the land.

Charley had been married twice. His first wife died when she was quite young of an illness which I gathered from conversation to be either smallpox or measles. He liked his first wife very much, but his second wife had a bad temperament and he was unhappy with her; and he would compare her with his first wife, saying all good things about his first wife which made the second wife even more disagreeable. His second wife died of eating contaminated food and left him without children, although the young were always around him and he was blessed with many friends.

When you got near Charley Iron Necklace's place, the smell of smoke would mingle with pine scent into perfume so intoxicatingly delicious it is impossible to describe. Across a copper wire stretched leaves and plants that were drying out for a crude narcotic tobacco that Charley Iron Necklace would put in his pipe to smoke. If Charley were not there, we would wait for him. There was a ritual we went through; first, we would roll our cigarettes and stand smoking in silence. It was the worst manners to speak before Charley Iron Necklace for he was older and therefore wiser and it was his house that we had come to visit. It was also a sign of good character not to speak at once or all the time, and it would be awhile before anything was said. Then Charley Iron Necklace would get his corn whiskey and spread out a large beautifully-patterned blanket of red, white, cornflower blue, and black, and we sat on it tailor fashion, taking swigs of corn liquor from a brown decanter covered with leather. Only in the coldest weather would we go inside, preferring to stay outside among the pine and the songbirds. After this strict ritual would Charley Iron Necklace begin to speak.

When Charley Iron Necklace be your age there no farm, all forests, many deer, not like now. Be many fish, not like now; water clean, not like now. Charley Iron Necklace see many bear, kill many bear. Charley Iron Necklace never afraid of bear, like taste of bear better then deer even. No like wolves; they come, too many at a time, be big trouble for man alone. Wolf no kill clean, like Charley Iron Necklace, tear apart the deer very bad. Be very long time when Charley Iron Necklace see wolf; they no more around. White man come cut down many trees, make forests go away; wolf go too. White man put other animals on land where forest was; these animals no take care of selves. White man take care of animals like squaw take care of little one. White man happy with lots of work and trouble. When Charley

Iron Necklace young like you, be many bird, different kind, not like now; partridge all over, not like now.

"Long time ago when squaw go off with other men, husband take her, cut off her nose. Many squaw walk around, no nose. Priest all the time yell and complain, make stop do this thing to squaw; but woman very weak, go quick to do bad things; if see another squaw with no nose no go so quick; so we cut off fingers so priest not see, not raise so much hell. Priest be down by Big Lake, Lake of Indian, of Fathers, go down by Michigan. Father Joe, his name. He speak with Indian in Indian tongue. No have school, them days, just church. Learn things in church.

"Young men brave then, not like now. Now go off to town, drink lots, forget way of fathers, bring name of Chippewa very low. Many Chippewa leave, mix with white man. No good, like deer with no forest go away. Reservations even worse, got nothing to do; sit around like old squaw. Charley Iron Necklace stay here."

His soliloquy was similar to this, full of complaints and the happenings of the day and remembrance of the good old days peculiar to all old men, that would open conversation; then we would talk of local gossip, of Berny McNaulty's barn burning down, or the latest of old man and old lady Webster's fighting, gossip interesting no one but ourselves. Sometimes Reb Kelly would come by and he'd tell his stories and Charley tell his stories. We were awed by these tales that made legend of men around us, transforming them into gods every bit as grand as Ulysses or Achilles.

The legends vanished only as there emerged to take their place the heroes and heroines of adolescence. Things had to be decided; the laurels were waiting. We determined to know, for the sake of more legend, who was the prettiest girl. I always thought Elvira Noon. The handsomest boy is always a legend, and the one who drives the fastest car, and the best dancer became Terpsichore. Jason Loomsfoot was really something. He'd go to the Saturday night dances and every pretty girl in the county would wait for him to ask her to dance. But looking back now, it was Tommy Strongbow I remember the best. Every tragic crisis of my growing was made more carefree by Tommy Strongbow and his pranks and his daredevilness. We played tilt-a-whirl with his old Ford on the icy winter roads with Jason and Ginger Loomsfoot in the back seat. Tommy'd go like hell, then slam on the brakes, and the car would slide and spin around like a crazy carnival ride. Once the car almost flipped over and we sat there for a long while asking each other if we should do it again. Finally Tommy'd say, "Let's go", and the game went on. A lot of times we'd get stuck in the high snowbanks along the road and have to dig ourselves out with a shovel Tommy kept in the trunk. Tommy Strongbow, jumping out of trees, champion arm wrestler and heaviest drinker in the county, defying authority with the bravery and cleverness of Ulysses, legend. We plowed the fields in springtime together and watched and prayed over them in the sum-

mer time, and gathered it in September; yes, it was Tommy I remembered best.

When Tommy fell in love it was with a German girl, Patricia Speilmacher. She lived over in Manistique and was almost eighteen when she met him. Her father was dead set against Tommy because he was Indian and she had to sneak out nights to see him. When he was having trouble with her, that is when she decided to stop seeing him because of her father, Charley Iron Necklace didn't mind giving Tommy advice about it.

"Frenchmen come up long time ago," Charley Iron Necklace said. "Come up, kiss squaw with mouth. Squaw like very much. Many squaw have no nose because of what Frenchmen do. If squaw like for Frenchmen to do, then white squaw like for Indian to do."

Tommy stalked out of the woods, indignant and enraged, not wishing to degrade Patricia Speilmacher with what he considered cheap talk. Charley Iron Necklace, hurt that his good advice was not well received, explained to us, "All fire go out of Charley Iron Necklace, but Charley Iron Necklace know. Good thing tell Tommy Strongbow this thing so he no have to cut nose off white one. To hell with Tommy Strongbow!"

After they eloped, Tricia Speilmacher's father would not let her in his house. Her mother came over to see her every holiday, crying all the while she was there because Tommy and Tricia were so poor. (Proserpine being carried off by Pluto.)

When we plowed sometimes we would see Charley Iron Necklace standing on the hill, his long gray hair blowing in the wind, his red shirt picking him out from the landscape, his arm extended upward in the sign of friendship. He was fascinated by the tractor and would sometimes watch it all day, but when we asked him if he wanted a ride he'd always say no. He showed this same mixture of curiosity and holy fear towards all mechanical devices, particularly towards sewing machines, reapers, cement mixers and the television at Schultz's tavern.

We lost contact with Charley as our childhood diminished. There were dances, now, and parties. Elvira was married and expecting. Tommy was married and Sharon was getting married as soon as she turned sixteen in September. The rest of us were interested in cars, motorcycles, speed, different legends of romantic love and the great dreams of youth. I was worried that I would not be able to go back to school in the fall and I led a rather dissipated, hopeless existence that summer, taking an interest in nothing, not even the planting; the legends were all that sustained me during that time. In the fall of that year was when all the trouble with Charley Iron Necklace began, I learned I could not go back to school, and it seemed I was relieved. It was the hope and expectation that had worn my soul down, and now that I knew what the final decision was I adjusted to it quickly. I was in high spirits for the harvest. The crop was good and Tommy came by to help with it as usual, bringing

his brown-eyed, brown-haired, plump and pregnant wife to help us.

Before the harvest was completely in, five of us, all carrying a bushel each, went down to bring Charley Iron Necklace some of the crop. We shifted along in the old dried leaves and in the new-fallen leaves as we had done so many years before to bring him some of the harvest, his due for working in the fields and for the many fish and pheasant and baskets of reed that he had brought to our door. We would later bring much more: canned tomatoes, beans, fruits, pies of apple, berry, and pumpkin; but this was the beginning, the first fruits. We heard voices as we approached his shack, loud voices and tense, Reb Kelly's, Charley's and one we did not recognize. We put our bushels down when we caught sight of their faces. Ginger Loomsfoot took my hand, for all the men's faces were grave and troubled; and we stood still as the deer stands in the meadow when he first senses the hunter.

Reb Kelly was yelling at the stranger, "Well, if you want to do it, you do it yourself, don't look at me. I ain't kicking him off!"

The stranger yelled back, "You can find yourself another job, then. What the hell do you think you get paid for? When I send in my report, you're through!" "Fine!"

Charley Iron Necklace stood with his arms folded, saying, "Charley Iron Necklace no leave the land. Him like it here; too old go away. White man go, take other forest. Many forest, white man have. Leave Charley Iron Necklace alone."

"Don't you understand; it's not me," said the stranger. "You're on state property, poaching, shooting things out of season. How Kelly let things go this far I'll never know. You're breaking the law!"

"Charley Iron Necklace not shoot more than eat. Charley Iron Necklace eat fish he catch, not tease fish and throw away in water again like white man. Charley Iron Necklace not go away; him belong here."

Kelly was getting madder by the minute, his face turning almost as red as his hair. "Now, look here, what's wrong with you?" he asked the stranger, his voice breaking with emotion. "Look at him. He's an old man. He don't hurt anyone by being here. Don't you guys in Lansing have anything to do but pick bones with old men?"

"It's not my fault. It's just my job."

"That's what Pontius Pilate said."

Charley started back for his shack to show he was through discussing, that his mind was made up. "Wait there!" called the stranger. "Don't you want to go to the Reservation? It's nice and peaceful there. You get checks from the government twice a year. There's no bear to bother you, sneak in your shack. Aren't you afraid of bear living here alone in the wood?"

"Bear know Charley Iron Necklace here with gun, not bother Charley Iron Necklace. You not so smart like bear."

"Is that some kind of threat?"

"Take it easy! Take it easy!" Reb yelled. "Leave him alone. Can't you see he's all keyed up?"

"Keyed up? They're all made out of stone. Stone-faces, that's what I call Indians. One of them gives you more shit than all of them are worth."

"Come on. Let's talk it over on the way back. One of us is bound to lose his temper." Kelly and the stranger walked out of the wood, hardly regarding us as they walked past us.

We knew that Charley Iron Necklace was very unhappy that day; he did not look at the apples or peaches, or run his hand through the wheat to feel its texture; he did not taste the tomatoes and say if it was a good crop or a bad crop as he did every year. He hung his head very low and we stayed with him until the moon came, feeling his sadness.

There had been other inspectors before this new one, of course. But they had either overlooked Charley or did not notice him. This new one was the kind that would overlook nothing, dogmatic because it was to his advantage to be dogmatic. He wanted to move Kelly and put a flunky of his own in charge of the area so that he could wheel and deal to sell the area to private enterprise.

That fall began the time of the ending of all legend. After the harvest, I could not get a job. I was trained for nothing and too young to work at the harder jobs in the factories. My ma was sick so she couldn't do much either. The farm was going. Even though our acreage was small we managed until this year when the price they were paying was not worth the selling, and they charged more than three times as much in the stores than they were charging five years before this time. They had even begun to pay some people not to farm, for there was so much surplus (so they said). But why was half the world starving if there was so much surplus? And why could a widow in Chicago living on her pension only afford to eat and buy half of what she should have? I worried then about my ma's health, and about the farm, and that I could not go back to school or get a job; one or the other I wanted, anything but this idleness. I guess I could have left to go into the cities, but like I said, there was my ma and the farm, the ties of blood, the only legend left.

Other things were happening that were beginning to enrage me besides my own poverty, and the incident at Charley Iron Necklace's. We always had it easy; there was only my sister and myself; but the Loomsfoot had seven girls and two boys to take care of; and after not selling most of their crop, they had to go into town to get a loan but were refused. Jason, the oldest, was trying to get a job. "Not experienced" was the reason they gave him for not hiring him for every job from making doughnuts to driving Mack trucks, but I know damned well it was because he was Indian. They decided to put the Loomsfoot on relief on the condition they no longer farm their land even for their own use. The relief checks eventually would far out-pay the loan they wanted to take out on their land, even in the first two years, and in the

meantime crippled them by making them dependent and useless while the loan would have made them independent and useful. Papa Loomsfoot went to drink out of sheer boredom, really hitting it hard. The younger children suffered much from the quarrels that were going on at home because of his drinking. Then, Jason went into Wisconsin and robbed a tavern with three other young men. It was ridiculous, an amateurish stunt which landed him in the Reformatory in Green Bay for three years. I do not know what really happened there; but sixteen months after, his body was sent home in a coffin, with the explanation that after a period of solitary confinement he had hung himself.

The legends lessened even more. Alcoholism and dissolution affected all those men and idols that had been the grand creatures of my childhood. The land was rapidly being bought up by large corporations, and on the corporation farms everything was being done on a grand scale so we could no longer compete. They sprayed everything with D.D.T. and it was becoming a problem. The birds were dying in the fields and the fish were dying in the streams the irrigation ditches emptied into. My pet cat died from playing in a bean field from what they spray your food with. Do you know the Indian planted for the bird, the insect, and himself, so he would have enough at harvest?

They want us off the land, I guess. And once off the land they want us on reservations or in factories. They want a man who worked with seed and acreage, whose body was an instrument for the pure enjoyment of living in Nature to destroy this Nature by working in factories which make D.D.T., plastic Jesuses, piggy banks, copies of the Mona Lisa by the thousands, napalm, whatever else their mad minds dream up. I used to have a dream that everyone was a robot and I was the only real person.

Christmas came by like a lie. Charley Iron Necklace brought us a present of a wild goose. We gave him mincemeat pies and blackberry brandy we had made ourselves. Charley'd always go to Mass with the Loomsfoot and he usually spent some of the day with them.

I also went to the Loomsfoot that Christmas. I had not been there for a long while and I was struck by the poverty of the place. There was hardly any furniture and you'd get slivers in your foot if you'd walk barefoot on the floor. Some of the children did not even have beds, but slept on mattresses in the corner of the rooms. Papa Loomsfoot sat at the cheap dinette; the tiny chair he sat on looked as if it would collapse under his great weight. He was drunk as usual, loud and rank, pounding his fists, swearing and talking constantly, showing his missing front teeth. The children watched him in bewilderment with no respect; their eyes, clear and innocent, searched my eyes for an explanation.

Jason's room still held some remnants of his life: a guitar, his well-worn clothes hung neatly on wire hangers, music sheets with comments inserted in a clumsy scrawl, "strum A chord", "substitute G for A". I went through his things that Christmas remembering, as I looked

through the music sheets, how he played the guitar and sang and made us all sing with him. There were ten or twelve books, several were very expensive looking. I picked up one of the thicker books and went through it. It had something printed in small letters across a blank page, "Sam's Second Hand Book Store, Iron Mountain, Michigan". It was *War and Peace*, bound beautifully in red leather with a gold inlay. My heart throbbed violently with emotion. Jason's thoughts could still be transmitted through these pages. I would know what some of his last thoughts were. But then I looked again at the music sheets and his guitar and they held no answer and I hated the music and books and all the objects that reminded me of Jason but were not Jason but were ridiculous, ugly things because they were lifeless. They held no magic. It was Jason who made his guitar alive, now dumb and dead, staring at me with its great empty eye, stupid, useless, unliving object.

2.

Around the turn of the year, they came again to trouble Charley Iron Necklace. All this time they had not troubled him for there was strategy to go through before one could kick a man off the land which made this thing right, that is if you believe what is legal is Law and what is Good, and that a man in your way was just that and nothing more. Papa Loomsfoot and Tommy Strongbow came down to ask us if we would go down to the woods to stand up for Charley Iron Necklace. There might be trouble, they warned us, but we said we would go anyway.

There were reasons why Charley had to stay. He was old and he was sick, sick because he was old. The Loomsfoot had offered to take him in; he refused, for he was also proud. Because he personified all our troubles we were almost eager to bring this thing to a solution, even if it meant trouble. Tommy Strongbow and his folks had lost their farm; the Loomsfoot too; and the creeping monster of corporation had set its tentacles on the rest of our necks noticeably. We would fight it until it strangled us, for there was nothing else to do. We did not want the factory; we did not want to be useless; we wanted the land.

When we left for the woods, there were seven of us; when we got there, thirty were already there and twenty came later. I saw Reb Kelly for the first time in a long time. He had lost his job and you could tell by his face he had been drinking. We stood around and waited for them and when they came they saw we were many and they were only three, and they turned around and went back.

They came back within the hour with four armed troopers who had not the slightest inkling of what was going on. The stranger we had seen before stood by while the other men served a summons to Charley Iron Necklace that stated if he were not off the land in sixty days, he would be forcibly removed. Tommy Strongbow, who had organized most of this protest, drew himself out

of the crowd and said, "We will not let you do this thing to Charley Iron Necklace. This land was once ours, given to us by God and agreed to by the government of this country in a treaty. Then we were dispossessed and sent off to live on reservations, except for the few of us who could stay by hard work and cunning and trickery. We have learned many of the white man's ways.

"If you take Charley Iron Necklace off this land, I will burn this forest down. I don't care if I go to jail for it. If you take Charley Iron Necklace off the land, you will have no land at all. I will see to it. I don't care if everything green and everything living will be killed in this forest by my burning it down, for eventually you will kill it anyway. The forest will not be here, so neither shall you have it, the land which belongs to Charley Iron Necklace, to everyone and not only to you."

Charley Iron Necklace stood by the door of his shack with the summons in his hands. He spoke with determination, "Charley Iron Necklace will go. He know the ways of father are no more. No want trouble. Him too old for trouble. Remember the time when much trouble was, not want same for Tommy Strongbow. Charley Iron Necklace go. One man not worth so much trouble. Go with deer and partridge and be no more."

Charley spent the remainder of the long, cold winter with the Loomsfoot. They had not been farming their land, but by the late winter they had lost it altogether. There was a question of how they had obtained the land and since they had not bought it, but settled on it, they were refused allotments until they got off. Charley considered himself a jinx and he figured it was because of him that the Loomsfoot lost their farm. Neither would he accept any more charity. He went back to live in the woods.

There was nothing to do those long winter days but drink. I no longer bothered to look for work. Even if I could have gone back to school I knew my mind would not have functioned right. Poverty and dissolution haunted me, but what was worse than anything was the sureness of our destinies and the stifling of anything that could set us free.

We were in the midst of planting, those of us who still had our land, when it happened, and when it happened we thought of how we could have overlooked that it would happen. One day, coming back home, Charley found some men tearing down his shack with axes. He picked up the rifle he always carried with him and fired at one of the three men. The other two ran through the wood and when the police came, Charley was running in the wood, wildly waving his gun. They had no choice; they killed him.

Many years have passed. The wild land is no longer around me. Instead is the place of concrete and poisoned air. People keep telling me I should stand up and do something for my people, but then I remember Charley Iron Necklace and call for another drink; and this one's to him wherever he is.

BESMILR BRIGHAM

WITHOUT THE EVIDENCE OF GHOSTS

i

it would be difficult to understand—belief
my people, this is my 'tierra' Señor
claim of the earth, connection /do I (we
believe in god. *believe*. my father
built a scrap-wood barn, new cull lumber
Costock mill, knot holes, streaks of bad
formations. the tornado blew a side down
an armadillo burrowed under,
snakes. when the weather is cold and no
crawling things, we jack the stiff beams
straight. little wild gourds
run
a feria of leaves, dangling egg shapes, glisten
summer nights, feeling through multiple
slither-holes. ghosts

of birds, rats chickens: his shape
stands on the bare slope below the garden
a fence) of
sprouts cut-off their stumps surging from an
under-world up, out to limb
none can forget their intention as trees

where do we reach into the sky, to what
point carry the load of retention? that
which was (is, a square block
under the circling structure, we hold up
the sky with our hands; the gourd
wavers like a shaking floor. we talk to
ourselves. the invisible
a temporary mortal evidence, hands touch
out — out
to focus on only a portion of the colossal

co-existence

the future, passing generation, the undivide-able
we are (units in emotional concept
Señor y señores, *this* is my ground, an intimate
stream

after the ritual, after the nights of feasting and DANCING
WHERE ghosts can't cross

ii)

wire, he wound
for posts (on living things
and we cut them—
he walks in the fields at night, an old man
among the still corn rows
i shut the gate

a man i will never know
who sang with Caribs on a river, set out
brief new mahogany shoots fifty years
before their cutting
Blue Fields—, in the blue fields
of that place
long ago(
where a child with his name died, we couldn't
find the grave

he rides
on the prow of a boat for that harbor, shell
lagoon, the under water-white whirls
of space, that are
of that time and my time, tending
this old house
the cross of his dying

iii

the ancients knew how to do it, call the
dead back and dismiss them
(or were there tears
the dead, they are trained eyes that look at us
the unformed
we set up our drums in unison, or rebellion. we want
their favors

laying out food that shadows can't eat, dreams
a night of dreams in the forests of
remembrance, love, hate: with morning
we will break the flutes
the long reed flutes are buried in the river current

and no one can step where the stick has passed
to dance to the Jaguar
to smoke the sacred tobacco, water drums
the rasp
the sweet fife and wood instruments play to the people's
dances
the god of the corn is in the posol, and for days
until the old gone ones

with flowers)

are chased like unwanted dogs
out of the village, out of the rites place, the
clearing. replicas of the body life
they do not have anything to do with our lives anymore
or are we nothing but limbo (in relation to
them. that breathe in us!
who walked in the Holy place
are we the ghosts crying to our own ways, crying
to the lost, their loss
joyously we put our passing into our songs Señor

AN EAR FROM HUAMANTLA

Once I fell in love with a fledgling bullfighter, a blue-eyed Mexican *novillero* named Julio Cardenas-Garcia. Because of his eyes like fine pale porcelain, he liked to think tourists took him for a Spaniard. His hair was too curly for me at first, but I forgave him his hair for his bohemian arrogance.

Guillermo, a non-face I'd met at the University, had taken me to the Plaza Mexico one Sunday. The largest bullring in the world, the Plaza was fringed by a midway of taco booths and open-air cantinas. Vendors dangled marionettes of Cantinflas in your face or insisted Chiclets upon you. I could hear the band inside the bullring playing the music as the crowd swept us along. The music, the smell of frying foods and of bodies all called to me like circus voices and secrets.

Guillermo guided me through the gates. We were walking under the statues of Manolete and Belmonte winding their bulls into bronze capes when from over several heads Julio called out to Guillermo. He came towards us then, sauntering and smiling. He wore a shabby double-breasted suit circa 1940 and had a red bandana tied around his thin neck.

"Julio!" said Guillermo. They embraced and slapped each other on the back, while over Guillermo's shoulder, Julio's eyes dropped on me a moment before we were introduced. "Julio and I went to school together in Chihuahua." Then to Julio, "Still the bulls, *matador*?"

CYNTHIA BUCHANAN is completing her second year in Madrid under a Fulbright grant. The NAR has published both fiction and non-fiction by Miss Buchanan during the last year.

Julio spat calmly. "It'll always be the bulls with me. As with you, Guillermo,"—he shook my hand with an alley cat aplomb—"it'll always be the American girls." Then he turned back to Guillermo and asked for money to take the streetcar home.

"But of course. Only you're not taking the streetcar. no. I'll drive you after I drop her off."

At my house, Julio sat in the car smoking a cheap cigarette called Faros and looking the other way as I went inside.

The first place he took me was a tiny cafe near the Pasea de la Reforma. "*Gringa*," he said, reaching across the table and picking up some of my hair. "You American girls, you love to hear the men along the Reforma throwing word flowers at you, don't you? '*Guera chula! Mamacita, qué mango!*' they yell, and you pretend you don't like it. But you do."

"And what if we do?" I said.

"Listen to her! Listen to the blondie hair!" His knees bumped mine under the table, and stopping in mid-sentence he smiled slowly at me. "I'm sorry." He moved his knees. "I didn't mean to do that to your knees." I lighted a cigarette, and he slapped his shirt pockets absently. "Say, will you give me one of your cigarettes? I'm out now." He lighted up and squinted at me cryptically through the smoke. "Anyway, as I was telling you . . . someday I'll be a legend. Look, blondie, I've been a *novillero* for only two years and already the newspapers pick my name off the wind. In Puebla at my last *novillada* the judges gave me an ear off my first bull. Ay, I'll be magnificent, *mi gringuita*, magnificent. My style . . . classic as the great Manolete's." He poured some salt on the back of his hand and began to lick it. "I have it, you know. *Duende. Sandunga. Alma. Soul.*

"Now, take our friend Guillermo. He goes off to the *Universidad Nacional* and squeezes out his law degree. And your Señora's brother-in-law — that fat turkey who was at your house in his big car today — what was his name? Perez? Yes. He sits, Perez does, behind a fat desk in the Zocolo and gets fatter and his wife gets a new fur, and his mistress gets a new fur and . . . tsk! I don't have stomach enough!"

When we left the cafe, I had to pay for our beer and sandwiches. Julio had sixty centavos, which he then spent on a cherry gelatin. "Do you think I'm rich, *gringa*?" he said, kicking at an orange peel in the gutter. "No, I'm poor. If you think I can take you dancing at the Jacarandas or the Normandie or the Can-Can like those *gringueros* you meet at the *Nacional*, you're wrong. Do you think my father plays golf at your . . . what is it? . . . your country club in Carmel, California? No. And my mother . . .? No, I'm poor. I choose it. I choose to sacrifice. Since the age of ten, my choice has been the bulls. And the training . . . years, pretty thing, years. And not eating. Not dancing with the *gringuitas* at the Jacarandas night club. But what would you know about sacrifice? You think I like it, do you, hey, blondie, hey?"

"No . . ." I said.

"Good. You're not like the other artificial American girls. You have a true feeling for the *fiesta brava* . . ."

"I do! If you only knew!"

" . . . You understand the bulls, and you see what it is to be a *novillero* and to sacrifice . . ."

"I see, I do see!"

"Your understanding will mean a lot someday. Your *aficion* is genuine; yes, I see that."

I told him how on Sundays I waited, aflame, for the *corrida* at four-thirty, that Esperanza said she didn't know what to do with me. And that I yelled to the tourists who left after the first bull, "Come back! Give art a chance!"

"Good," he said, bumping up against me affectionately. "Then you won't mind going Friday to the ticket office to pick up two seats for Sunday's *corrida*. I would go myself, but I have a meeting with the impresario of a plaza in Tlaxclala. He wants me to fight in Huamantla on their Virgin's day. I'll pay you back for the tickets on Sunday, and we'll go to the Hotel Beverly, because my friend Alfredo is fighting. We'll watch him dress there. Would you like that? Can you get the tickets?"

"Yes."

"Good. And someday I'll be rich not because I went to the *Universidad Nacional* or the *Universidad Ibero-americana*, but because I gave up everything to fight bulls." He walked off imperiously behind his week's garden of coarse, sparse whiskers, and I followed him, watching his wonderful, thin buttocks.

We strolled along the Reforma. Julio told me about sleeping under the stars at the bull ranch Piedras Negras. When we reached my house, we sat outside on a stone bench, listening to the fountain in the dark. "You know, *gringa*," he said after kissing me a light, slight kiss smelling of tobacco, "some people say a lion is the most beautiful animal in the world, but this isn't true. A fight-

ing bull is the most stupendous animal in the world if you're speaking of beauty of line. His hindquarters don't taper off as those of a lion do. How I used to watch those bulls standing in the moonlight! *Qué nobles! Qué musols!* What an animal!"

"Yes!" I said. "Oh, yes!"

Sunday in the hotel room, Alfredo Macias stood in a maroon robe, looking out the window while some men spoke in low voices around him or coughed into their handkerchiefs. One crippled man sat on the bed, playing the guitar. Alfredo periodically clapped his hands to the Flamenco music or snapped his fingers and sang under his breath. I sat quietly, trying not to stare at the satin and gold-braided suit of lights waiting on the bed. Julio didn't introduce me, and none of the men spoke to me, but one of them punched him playfully in the shoulder and laughed. He said something softly to Julio and looked at me. Later, the same man saw me studying the folded capes and asked if I thought I would like to fight a bull.

I said I was planning that very day to jump into the ring with a hidden cape. "*Como espontanea*."

"*Espontanea*! Ay, Julio, keep your eyes on this one! And Alfredo, did you hear that, *matador*?" He laughed and looked at Alfredo and Julio. Alfredo turned and kissed the rosaries on the dresser and fastened the little braided pigtail to the hair at the back of his head. Julio looked annoyed that my remark had jarred the *pre-corrida* drama.

But that afternoon Alfredo triumphed, and we all went later to a noisy barn-like restaurant near the Plaza, called the *Guadalajara Pues*. Dogs and small boys with shoeshine boxes mingled with *mariachi* bands. Somebody in our group paid them to play "*Maleguena Salerosa*" for me. Julio said happily, "See blondie? I don't need to spend twenty pesos on a song for you. Your hair will do it." Then quickly, "No, no, don't believe me, *gringa*. I'm proud of you today. You're a real *aficionada*, and you know something? My friends are jealous!" He pinched my elbow and turned away to talk about his upcoming *corrida* in Huamantla, as I soared off on the trumpets to my left. *Besar tus labios* . . .

After the Guadalajara Pues, there were more bull-fighters and their people, courteous little men with rotting teeth who at some time had been to the United States—San Diego or El Paso.

Julio knew everybody. He called them all *matador*, and they called him *matador*. *Novilleros* and washed-up bullfighters alike were *matador*. *Matador* . . . the word was a blood rose in the mouth, and I used it, too.

One named "El Gato" often sat with us in the restaurant El Ruedo near the Plaza. After I met him for the first time and he had left our table, Julio said, "'El Gato' . . . 'El Gato,' 'El Gato.' There was a time when 'El Gato' was pretty good. He triumphed in El Toreo and was supposed to go to Spain and South America. But who knows? He can't kill. Kills were always messy. Then he got worse and now he goes around begging for *corridas* in the provinces."

I always called "El Gato" *matador* and asked him about his past triumphs. One day he pulled out a faded photograph of himself walking around the ring holding the two ears from the bull over his head. On the back of the picture he wrote, "For the most charming *señorita* and *aficionada* I have known. Here I am in this picture in my very golden hour in the Plaza at Toluca after the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe blessed me with these two trophies. Yours respectfully, Francisco Nuñez-Hernandez: 'El Gato.'" Winking, he handed it to me, and Julio rubbed the back of my neck and ran his hand up into my hair for a moment.

But as the weeks passed, Julio grew churlish. And at night, I would lie on my bed, trying to remember our long walks along the Reforma and when we sat on the stone bench by my fountain, talking about Piedras Negras.

I told myself he would repay me the forty dollars I had given him to gather his *cuadrilla* for the *corrida* in Huamantla and the money for all the bullfight tickets and meals I had bought him. Or would mine be one of those stories in which the kind, blind, green girl got taken? No! I said to myself. After all, he'd given his word. "Chula," he'd said, "I promise you on the Virgin I'll pay you back after Huamantla. I have so many expenses now! A *picador*, a second-hand suit of lights, a . . . *carrai!* But after my triumph in Huamantla, I'll have the money, of course."

The week following, my Señora told me she was missing her transistor radio. It had been in the living room next to the chair where Julio always sat, and I knew she thought he had taken it. She urged me to go out with the other young men who came by our house.

"Corazon, who is this Julio?" she said. "Why do you waste your time with him? He never shaves and twitches his eyes at me to make me nervous. And do you think he ever tries to speak to me, as Victor did? Or Fernando? Or Guillermo?"

I told her that Julio was not twitching his eyes at her. "And Guillermo? His face is the color of a banana. He's too jealous of everything I do. While Fernando's idea of an exciting evening is to sit in the lounge of the Hotel Maria Isabel, drinking *margaritas* and talking about his sister's wedding in Cuernavaca and his boat in Acapulco."

"All right. But have you seen my little radio yet? You know, I think that radio has been stolen. Somebody will earn some money selling that radio."

"I'll ask Julio. I know he didn't take it."

"I didn't say Julio took it, *corazon!*"

When I mentioned the radio cautiously to Julio, for a few moments he didn't say anything. Then he put his face up close to mine and whispered, "Oh, so you think everybody in Mexico is a thief, do you? Your father, *el señor doctor*, probably wrote you to hold onto your purse in the marketplace, didn't he? You think because we Mexicans don't have money to throw up in the air the way you *gringos* do that we're always trying to get our hands on it!"

"We don't think that at all, *mi amor!*" I lighted a cigarette quickly and offered him one.

He knocked it out of my hand. "Keep your cigarettes. I don't need cigarettes from you! I'm Julio Cardenas-Garcia."

He took me to Huamantla to watch him fight, and he asked me for another five-hundred pesos on the trip there. I gave him six-hundred and told him to eat better. He was growing even thinner and smoked one of my cigarettes after another.

It was a fiesta day, and the tiny town was spurting wandering brass bands, colored banners and firecrackers. Julio was in particular spirit. He told me to stay away from the room where he and some of his *cuadrilla* awaited the *corrida*. "I've decided women are bad luck for me before a *corrida*. Go walk around the town, *hombre*. But first . . . can you buy a sandwich for Manolo?"

Manolo, Julio's sword boy, said, "She doesn't have to go. I'll send Luis." He motioned to his younger brother reading a comic book in the corner.

"Tsk! No," Julio said. "She can go get it, can't you? You don't mind do you, *gringa?*"

We stared at each other, and I twisted my wrist watch around and around on my wrist.

"No te molesta ir por el sandwich, verdad?" Julio said again.

I smiled at him rather nastily and said, "If I'm going to buy something, *matador*, I need some money. *Matador.*"

He stopped arranging the rosaries and religious medals on the dresser top. He turned and smiled and said gently, "Oh, of course. How stupid of me . . . here." He reached into his wallet and handed me some bills. "There's twenty pesos. And buy yourself something, too. And if you like, some little souvenir to take home to Esperanza, hey, blonde?"

Later that afternoon in the small adobe-walled plaza I forgot about everything except how it was to sit under white clouds in a town far out on the plains of Tlaxcala, waiting for a bullfight to begin. Manolo had found me a seat, a good one in the second row above the *barrera*. The band was playing, "La Virgen de la Macarena," the sky was very blue, and all around me people hushed children and drank beer. Some stared and talked about me. The *paseo* began, and Julio walked into the ring with two other *novilleros*. The brocade in their suits reflected the afternoon sun as we yelled *Ole!* and the *novilleros* unfurled their capes.

The first two boys were pitifully green. One was knocked about by his bull until the seat of his suit ripped out, and the crowd laughed. Yelling *butcher! butcher!*, they threw beer on the second boy whose half dozen sword thrusts could not kill the bull. Finally two steers were sent in to help herd the bull out of the ring. The shamed *novillero* leaned against the inside wall of the *barrera*, with the tears running down his face.

When Julio's first bull came out, I fisted and unfisted my hands in my lap. He did poorly and afterwards paced about down in the *callejon*, swearing loudly to Manolo.

But with his second bull, the last one of the afternoon, his capework drew *Oles* from the crowd. Each cape pass brought him closer and closer to the horns, and I sucked my breath through my teeth. I looked up at the sky; the afternoon was hot and blue and timeless. Then I watched Julio profiling himself in front of the bull, the sword at chest level. I whispered, "Julio, careful, *mi amor*." People nearby heard it and rustled to one another. Explosive in my own melodrama by that time, I was crazier than ever about the skinny boy with the porcelain eyes.

The kill was brief and clean. The judges awarded him two ears, and a group of cheering men hoisted him to their shoulders. They carried him around the ring as he held the ears up and turned his face to the crowds. When he came to where I was, he smiled and threw one of the ears to me. I caught it as the crowd clapped and whistled, yelling "*The blonde! La americanita!*" while the blood from the ear dripped in my hands and onto my dress.

That night we were guests of honor at someone's house in Huamantla. We sang, drank *pulque*, and mopped up the beans from our plates with *tortillas*.

Julio talked to everybody, reliving for the men each pass he had made during the afternoon. A bawdy-looking woman named Marta I'd seen around the taurine restaurants in Mexico City stood just close enough to Julio so that her big sharp breasts nudged him. Finally he did kiss her. As he knotted his hands in her hair, something hot happened in my throat and chest. Suddenly I felt a long way from Carmel, California, and a sunny patio where my father napped with a sun reflector and my mother read *Partisan Review*. Manolo looked at me and followed me out to the car. Crying, I crawled in the front seat and began remembering a boy I had known who went to Harvey Mudd. Or had it been Santa Clara? How Nordic and tan he was and what a nice personality he had.

"Don't cry, blondie, don't cry," Manolo said, getting in the back seat, nervous and gentle. He lighted a cigarette and held it in front of me. I waved it away. "Look, blondie. You have to understand Julio, *hombre*. He triumphed today, you know, and that Marta . . . he doesn't love her any more . . ."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Never mind. Really, nothing."

"Ay, Manolo!" I curled up in a ball in the front seat of the car, even hoping then that Julio would find me missing and come outside to say something I could clasp.

Manolo went into the house, and Julio came out. When he saw me crying with my head on the steering wheel, he said, "Look, I'm tired of you," and went back into the party.

Julio stayed in Huamantla, and Manolo drove me back to Mexico City. All the way home, I watched the moonlight on the plains of Tlaxclala, thinking of the bulls under the stars at the bull ranch Piedras Negras.

Then I thought about Marta with her blockbuster breasts and hairy legs and about when Julio had first kissed me.

In the somnambulant weeks that followed, every time the phone rang, I went rigid with hope. I searched the taurine items in the newspapers for some mention of him. I pressed my cheek against doors, walls, pillows. And, in short, I suffered. Esperanza could scarcely conceal her delight that Julio no longer came slouching on her needle-point cushions and tapping ashes on her rug. Guillermo began dropping around again, and so did Fernando. Esperanza reminded me that they were kind, bright young men, but I couldn't bear their carefully tailored suits and sliver moustaches and their eyes opaque with fondness when I answered the door.

"*Corazon*," Esperanza said. "Go out again with Guillermo. Look what you're doing to him. Or Fernando . . . there's a well-mannered boy. His mother, you know, is from the Obergon family. You should keep your eye on Fernando, *corazon*."

A few months later I met Andrés, a rapier young architect who had once spent a year at Culver Academy and used dated American slang wistfully. We went to the *corridos* every Sunday. One Sunday we saw Carlos Arruza fighting on horseback. Afterwards, as we were walking back to the car, I looked over at the Guadalajara Pues, as I always did. And there stood Julio in a straw hat and something that looked like a cast-off *maitre d'* coat of moss-green velveteen.

I flashed giddy and bleeding and said to Andrés, "I see a friend. You don't mind if I go speak to him, do you? Can I meet you back at the car?"

Andrés removed his dark glasses a moment and sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose. "You want me to let you walk around here without an escort, don't you? You want me to let every jerk in Mexico come up and . . ." He sighed again and put his glasses on. "Yes, all right," he said and walked away, absently jingling the change in his pockets.

When Julio saw me, he turned from his group of friends. He wiped his hair out of his eyes, and his eyes, jostling around over the dark stubble on his face, were the same. "Hey, hey, *gringuita!* How are you, blondie? How have you been?"

I smiled and shook his hand and wound my watch gaily, trembling a little.

He introduced me to the men and said, "Do you still have that ear I threw to you in Huamantla? Hey, the *corrida* in Huamantla, *tu!*"

I said of course I had the ear, that I had cured it and sent it to my father, who mounted it and hung it in his den.

He told me about a *corrida* he had coming up in Torreon. Possibly. He still had to hunt down the impresario who was supposed to be around the bullring today. As soon as he found the impresario, he was sure to have a place on the program in Torreon.

"Well . . ." I said, "I have to go."

"So soon?" he said, smiling.

"So soon," I said, winding my watch a little more. He turned to his friends, "You should have seen that *faena* in Huamantla. *Tremenda!* Right, blondie?"

"*Tremenda,*" I said. "Well, I'll see you." There was a pause in which Julio rubbed his hands together and chuckled something else about the afternoon in Huamantla. Shaking hands all around again, I left.

In a few minutes, Julio caught up with me. "Say, blondie, I haven't forgotten that I owe you five hundred pesos."

"Over a thousand."

"I guess it was! But I want you to know I appreciated your help."

"Well, *matador*. Good luck in Torreon." We shook hands again. And when I turned, I felt an inchoate mellowness slip into my breastbone like a long, cool blade.

"You know how poorly I eat, blondie. After Torreon, I could pay you back . . . all that I owe you from Huamantla and, you know, a little bit more . . ."

I told him I only had twenty pesos. I gave it to him, and he sauntered off through the crowd, calling to a friend and looking like a funny sad gypsy in the worn velveteen *maitre d'* jacket and the straw hat.

I walked towards the parking lot; Andrés would be slumped behind the wheel of his Mercedes, reading his fatuous Ayn Rand paperbacks. As I walked through the crowd, I said an Oriental proverb over and over to myself, "'Even the sunken moon returns and the severed branch grows again . . .'" But I didn't believe it very much and was relieved when two young boys pinched me and dove off through the people still streaming out of the Plaza like colored banners.

JOHN TAGGART

DANCING LESSON FOR TIMID OR TALL GENTLEMEN

The secret, gentlemen,
is
to move
slowly, and alone.

A slow blue camel, so to speak.

Knowing the secret, you
position
yourself
in the center of the floor.

Other
floors
will have
different surfaces (and levels);

you must adjust,
accordingly.

On graphite, for
instance, you
should be
three-quarters down
the floor and
slightly
to the right.

That
is
sometimes called the classic oblique.

Wearing only
raw silk trousers
of a casual
cut, you
begin.

Counting helps.

One step, say, after each
count of 165.

This
will take
time. One walk
may
take up
an entire evening.

The more daring of you
may not wish
to move
at all.

In this second and concluding record of his tour of cities in Europe, WILLIAM K. WOODS and his wife, Marcy, visit Finland, France, and the Soviet Union. A summary of his observations, and of how the lessons drawn from them might apply to the urban frustrations of the United States, begins on page 71. Woods is on the staff of Wilmington (Ohio) College.

William K. Woods

AN URBANOLOGIST'S NOTEBOOK: II

Saturday, October 11—We cruised into Helsinki harbor at 8:30 a.m., speculating that we had slept only two or three hours the previous night. Like zombies, Marcy and I stood on the deck staring at the shoreline. The orange, red and yellow leaves of the trees contrasted with the rock beaches. The air was cold and the sky was spattered with blue and white streaks.

Nobody was on duty at the Helsinki customs station. We trudged along with our suitcases, looking for a bus. We were now conditioned like Pavlov's dogs; if we left a building, we began to salivate in expectation of our next bus trip.

We were soon rolling through Helsinki on our way west to Tapiola. The four lane highway cut through woods that displayed bursts of color. The sky was now dark blue and a few clouds remained floating like generous portions of meringue. The seven-mile trip made me feel quite drowsy.

The man-made and natural beauty of Tapiola caused me to judge this place in the same way that I would view a wilderness retreat like Glacier National Park. As I absorbed the sights of Tapiola, I failed to remember that this is a community where 17,000 people live. It was as if I overlooked the social functions of its environment because my sleepy brain had concluded that such physical beauty couldn't have any connection with creating a more livable city.

An elevator ride to the observation deck of the main building of the town center gave us an overview of the community. Inlets of the Bay of Finland punctuate Tapiola's 670 acres of land; planned as a garden city that would utilize natural surroundings and landscaping, Tapiola retains a low population density of 26 people per acre. On all sides we saw tips of apartment buildings above masses of fir and birch trees. A man-made lake with fountains lay directly below us. A swimming hall, an outdoor amphitheater, a church, and the central shopping plaza cluster around this lake. I thought: "After they finish this movie, will they have to tear this set down?"

We walked over to inspect the public swimming hall. Open in the summer, the pool was presently enclosed so that residents can swim during the seasons of cold weather. We examined the interior of the Lutheran Church. Simple in design, it has a rough, unfinished look

that appealed to me. Next on our agenda was a bus tour of Tapiola's residential sections—an inspection so brief and impressionistic, that I vowed to return again on Sunday. Today we were quickly hustled back to the town center for a movie and an informal presentation by Tapiola's founder, Heikki von Hertzen.

Von Hertzen deserves to be called the father of Finland's new town movement. In a country that honors architects the way Spain glorifies bull fighters, one would expect to find an architect directing Tapiola's operations. Von Hertzen began his career as a Helsinki lawyer. After World War II, he saw that his city, like other European capitals, was attracting a large migration of new peoples; opposed to random sprawl, he conceived the idea of building a planned community outside of Helsinki. He met rejection from government officials and business leaders when he first proposed his scheme for a new town, but finally certain labor unions, community associations, and welfare leagues helped von Hertzen to form a non-profit organization called The Finnish Housing Foundation. Backed by this group, the lawyer was able to obtain bank loans to buy land. Although his Foundation confronted financial and construction problems without government aid, von Hertzen never compromised his concept of a town with a mixture of different class and income groups. Low- to middle-income families comprise forty-five percent of Tapiola's population, while fifty-five percent of its residents belong in middle to upper-middle income brackets.

In order to achieve the social and physical goals they desired for their garden city, von Hertzen and his Housing Foundation colleagues drafted precise plans for each section of Tapiola. However, to raise capital to continue development and to pay the interests on the loans, the Foundation sold residential sites to developers of condominium apartments and to builders of semi-detached and single family homes who agreed to conform to the master plan. Inaugurated as a fiscal necessity, this process of selling sites produced a situation that gives Tapiola's residents more of a stake in their community. By owning an apartment in a condominium or joint stock apartment company, a person becomes a stockholder in the community. Ninety percent of Tapiola's citizens own rather than rent their residences.

Von Herten impressed me as a man with a forceful personality. Hearing him speak, I judged that he was an organization man as well as a visionary, for his subordinates scrambled when he called for a map or other visual aides. Here was a modern version of Ibsen's master builder—overseeing small details as well as major decisions (in an article about the beginnings of his garden city, he tells of getting up early each morning to see that the bulldozer operators saved every possible tree).

Referring to Tapiola's original financial arrangement as a banker's James Bond story, von Herten confessed the spectre of indebtedness haunted Tapiola's founders as they planned their model community. Von Herten implied that Tapiola's survival proved that other private ventures could succeed. "Many clever urban designers aren't power wielders," explained von Herten. "In order to transform plans into projects, an administrator must make decisions, and he must assemble an organization that will achieve results, rather than a file cabinet full of memoranda and charts." It was not difficult to con-

clude that von Herten considered himself a model for the decision-maker he was describing.

Von Herten felt that 20th century planners too often confined themselves to traffic and economic problems. Tapiola was conceived as a community that would provide a maximum number of amenities for its residents, and when the FHF President assembled his staff in 1954, he told them to sublimate economic and architectural considerations to the larger goal of devising a city in which people might enjoy a healthy, aesthetically pleasing, and socially stimulating environment.

When questioned about the planning process for Tapiola, von Herten told how housewives and house-keeping experts worked on an equal footing with advisors from the more traditional planning professions of economics, sociology, engineering, and landscaping. Since wives deal with myriad neighborhood activities, they offer insights about community life that professionals working in abstract terms may completely overlook. These planning teams decided questions about school locations;

Where possible—as here in Blythway, Welwyn Garden City—British planners have preserved ancient trees.



COMMISSION FOR THE NEW TOWNS

the coordination of housing, recreational space, and landscaping; the separation of automobiles and foot traffic, and the distances between neighborhoods and the town center. After a neighborhood's social framework was charted, the FHF held an open competition among architects in order to find a physical scheme that best complemented the social planning. Von Hertzen undoubtedly acted as an omniscient force during every stage of development.

Tapiola's founder emphasized that his city was built to house people from all classes and social groups in Finland. The Housing Foundation's Selection Commission carefully chose a mixture of peoples with different incomes and occupations. Tapiola's leaders utilized educational programs and public relations techniques to foster a community spirit out of the town's human diversity. Von Hertzen noted that Finns as well as Americans segregate themselves according to wealth and status. Tapiola, however, proved that a desirable environment could bring different peoples together. "The combination of a good

physical environment and a group of progressive peoples from all walks of life," commented von Hertzen, "should insure a development that will challenge the traditional class stereotypes that enforce segregated housing." He ended his talk by telling us to cease all the chatter about an urban crisis. "Start building," he said. "You will learn from your mistakes."

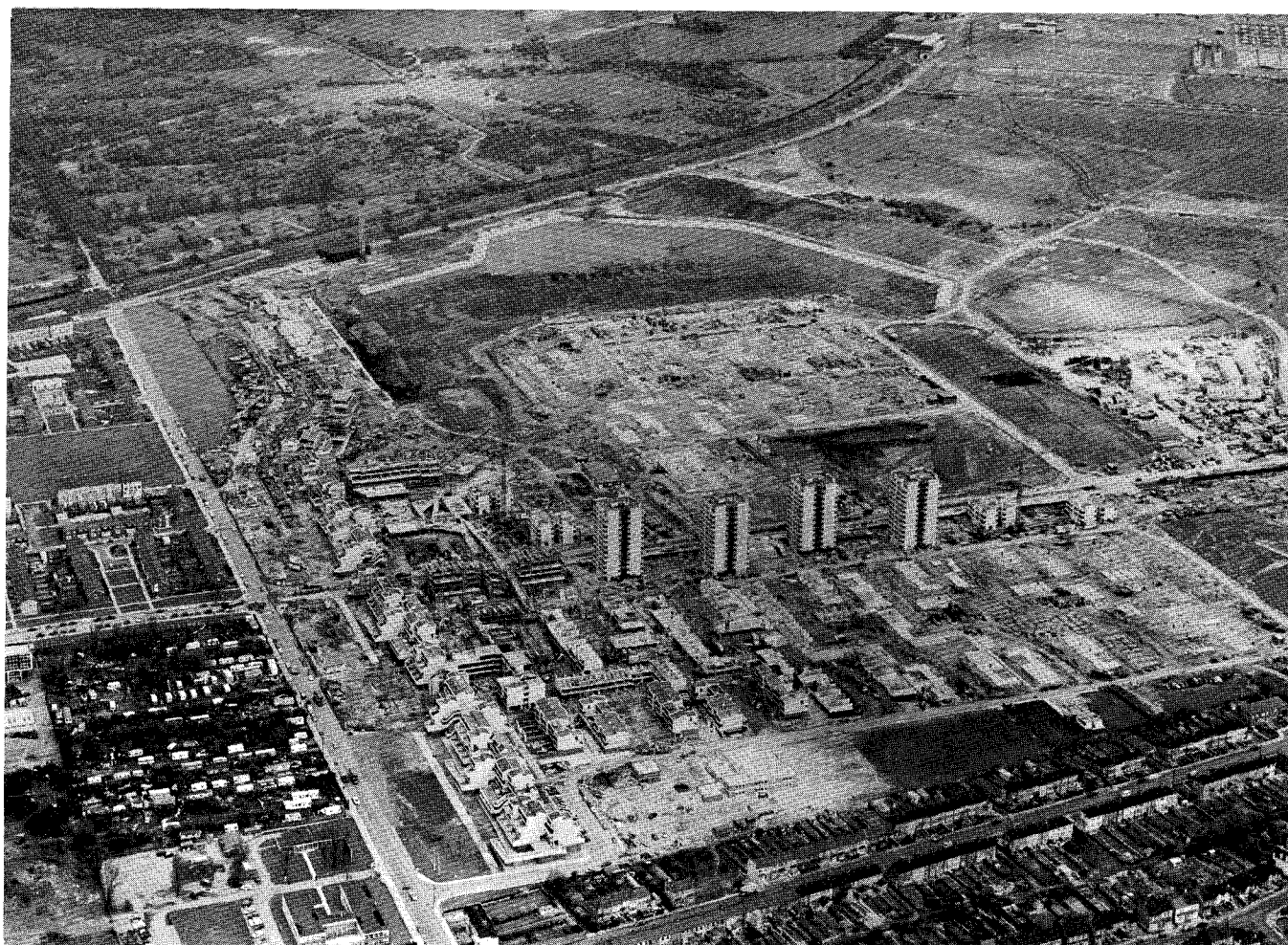
We ate lunch in the restaurant atop Tapiola's administrative office tower. Bob Macon, the Rochester Architect, and David Finks, the urbanologist priest, sat with Marcy and me. Thanks to our lack of sleep, everything struck us as funny. As we resurrected details about radio programs like Ma Perkins, One Man's Family, Captain Midnight, and The Shadow, our laughter drew stares from other diners.

Back on the bus after lunch, we sped west on a twenty-minute ride to Espoo Bay, on the Gulf of Finland. With intentions of building another city, the Housing Foundation had bought a large chunk of property in the bay area. After launching Tapiola, von Hertzen and his

An overview of the architects' model of Thamesmead, a new town outside London



GREATER LONDON COUNCIL



GREATER LONDON COUNCIL

Thamesmead under construction; the photograph was taken about a year ago.

colleagues drafted a plan for the greater Helsinki region that includes this project.

Alarmed by the projected population for Uusimaa province in the year 2000, the FHF seeks to prevent the social and physical problems that will intensify if officials fail to plan for this area's expansion. Instead of allowing what von Hertzen refers to as "amoebic sprawl," he proposes building seven new cities in specific, self-contained areas of the province. This plan would leave 90 percent of the area's forests, agricultural lands and open space intact. The Housing Foundation also calls for the government to sponsor new towns in northern, eastern, and western Finland. Although the Seven Towns Plan provides a rational basis for growth in the south, von Hertzen believes that it is crucial for the less populated provinces to retain their peoples. By establishing alternatives to migration in the back country, he hopes Helsinki's population can be limited to 630,000 in 2000. His goal is to save the capital region's air, water, and land resources for future generations.

Numbed by remembered discussions of the 14½ million people crammed into the New York-Northeastern New Jersey Standard Consolidated Area, I found it incredible that the Finns were so concerned about molding

greenbelts, conserving forests, and preventing air pollution and traffic jams. With a population under 5 million and with a capital that houses no more residents than Nashville, Tennessee, Finland hardly seems like a nation besieged by urban and environmental crises. Their present actions may allow them to avoid such catastrophes.

Our bus pulled up near the water. Some rowboats and several shacks stood on the shoreline. With the water at his back, our guide stood on a rise of ground while he explained the project to the group. I imagined this scene as a textbook illustration with the caption: "Great moments in history." We stood on the site of a future Rome, listening to its architect tell us about the buildings that will rise up on these timbered shores.

Planned for 100,000 residents, Espoo will lack Tapiola's low population density. Yet even with its larger population, a plan for the compact placement of buildings will leave sizable chunks of open space for Espoo's residents. The guide noted that the town center will feature a youth center; Espoo's planners want young people to feel that they have an important role in this community. Marcy and I climbed up a hill to get a better view of the bay. It seems a shame that this natural area will become a city, but the model of Tapiola gives me



GREATER LONDON COUNCIL

Linear housing in Thamesmead. Buildings above are in the left foreground of the aerial view on p. 64.

confidence that Espoo's setting will be *used* rather than levelled.

About a half-mile from the bay, we tramped about examining Espoo's first housing units, a cluster of three story apartments set among fir trees. Bright colors complemented the simple rectangular lines of these buildings, and benches, flower boxes, sand boxes, and landscaping meshed with the natural surroundings. A boy in a blue cap and a red coat motioned for me to take his picture.

A dinner for Finnish architects and planners took up most of the evening. I sat with Joseph Shomon of the Audubon Society. He told me that most tour members expressed surprise that a naturalist would undertake an urban study tour. Such statements prove something about the American city: We find it difficult to mix birds, grass, and trees into our steel and concrete images of metropolis. Just as I was beginning a conversation with Michael Merckling, a Helsinki architect, a Polish pop band ended our talk with noises that sounded like a blend of 1950s rock and roll and polka music.

Sunday, October 12—Today we escaped from the tour. A picnic in the country was our goal, and since I wanted a chance to walk around Tapiola, we decided to return there before loping into the woods.

Our hunger and Tapiola's beauty made us give up our search for virgin wilderness. We walked five minutes away from the town center and felt that we were alone in the woods. Not until we had finished lunch did we notice the outline of an apartment through the trees.

It was Sunday afternoon and adults, children, and dogs romped and meandered about Tapiola's acreage. We ambled down to the Bay of Finland, where the shore had been left in its natural state, and numerous boats lay out at anchor. I had come back to make a realistic appraisal of this town, but after strolling with the residents for several hours, I still looked on Tapiola as if it were a Rockefeller resort for the rich. Apartments stand next to private homes, but the architects created an atmosphere of privacy by molding the buildings into the timbered landscape. Row houses and apartments generally



A SUNTOSAATIO

Apartment housing in Tapiola, a new Finnish city not far from Helsinki

front on large open fields. Children can run out their front doors to play soccer without competing with automobiles.

As the sun began to lose its power, we returned to the town center. By chance, we met Michael Merckling, the architect, and his wife, while they were walking their wire-haired terrier, Monty. They invited us to join them for coffee and pastry. Before entering the patisserie, the Mercklings hitched Monty's leash to one of the dog houses that stand outside the shops. Tapiola's planners even considered the dogs.

While we were chatting, Heikki von Hertzen sauntered over to say hello to Michael. We told him that we were impressed with his city. He kidded us about the superficial nature of our trip. "You Americans try to see

all the wonders of the world in one week. You should come back and spend about six months at Tapiola."

He told us he was giving some lectures in Minneapolis in several weeks. After enlightening this midwestern city, he planned to vacation in the Caribbean. (The Finns seem to gravitate toward warm climates for their trips; the Mercklings said they loved to travel in Greece and Italy.)

Von Hertzen commented that San Francisco was America's only "manageable" big city, but that even this city was beginning to sprawl. He speculated that Maine and northern California offer suitable natural settings for garden city replicas of Tapiola. Although he appeared to enjoy this brief chat, I speculated that von Hertzen has an alarm in his system that tells him when five minutes of frivolity is over. Finland's master builder

The lake, swimming hall, and theater, adjacent to Tapiola's city center



A. SUNTOSAATIO



A SUNTOSAATTO

Aerial view of Tapiola; the leisure complex shown on the preceding page is at the upper right.

wished us good luck before he departed to attend to another aspect of his 700 acre domain.

The Mercklings invited us to their home for a drink. They lived on the second floor of a three-floor apartment building about an eight-minute walk from Tapiola's center. Michael wished to acquaint us with Finnish culture and customs. As we sipped a cranberry juice liqueur we listened to a record of Finnish folk songs played on the Kantele, a stringed instrument with a harp-like quality. Michael showed us books on Finnish architecture, folklore, and art. I noticed that his library contained everything from Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway* to Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*. Then he unfolded a plan of Helsinki's culture center that he had worked on with other members of his firm.

Although their apartment was compact, its layout provided a family (the Mercklings have a five-year-old daughter) with enough space to avoid claustrophobia. Michael often drafts blueprints at his desk in his work-room next to the living room.

We ate dinner in the restaurant atop Tapiola's office tower. As we watched the lights on the fountains below, we talked with Jack Patterson, the urban affairs editor of *Business Week*. We were reluctant to leave von Hertzen's city, but we finally hailed a cab. A driver who must be Finland's answer to Stirling Moss drove us back to Helsinki.

Monday, October 13—Joseph Conrad observed that Western eyes will fail to perceive Russia's true character.

Tour members were burdened under several decades of Cold War imagery. Would anything penetrate the protective shields we carried before us into the Soviet Union? Plots of grade 'C' spy movies ricocheted from my subconscious as a soldier collected our passports at the Leningrad airport, but the sight of two gnarled men lifting all our suitcases through the window of the waiting room made some of my anxiety subside. No country that handles luggage in such Katzenjammer Kids fashion can be completely sinister.

After a dinner at the airport that featured much vodka drinking, everyone was experiencing a personal Cold War thaw. Since our hotel was in the suburbs, we took a subway downtown. The escalator to the train raced downward for such a long time, that it seemed we would end up in a marble-domed Hell.

Our experience that evening reminded me of a coincidental encounter in a Russian novel. While we were walking near the Neva River, a girl with short-cropped hair called to us in English. She turned out to be a college student studying to be an Intourist Guide. She and her three non-English speaking boyfriends pointed out landmarks like the Peter and Paul Fortress. Lena's skill in English permitted her to make subtle distinctions in her conversation with us. *The Catcher In The Rye* and *The Grapes of Wrath* were her favorite American novels, and she made us laugh by quoting the first few stanzas of *Hiawatha*.

In order to get out of the cold, Lena led us to a nightclub on the riverfront. We entered a room that could have been a bar in Memphis or Tulsa. Upstairs a band played a brassy rendition of a rock and roll tune. Lena loved the Beatles, worshipped Jacqueline Onassis, and hoped that Edward Kennedy's accident wouldn't ruin his career. She alluded to incidents described in William Manchester's *The Death of a President* to make her points about American politics. Openly scornful of the Communist Party, she evangelized on the subject of how her generation would remake Russia. Travel in Sweden and France had given her a chance to know the West firsthand, and she expressed a desire to study in England. As the daughter of an architect, and the granddaughter of a diplomat, she is part of a privileged professional class that isn't meant to exist in the Soviet Union. As I stared at this small girl rattling away about a hundred different subjects, I thought of those frail, feverish heroines in Dostoevsky's novels who conjure up mystical fantasies before dying of consumption. Her "Twiggy" styles and her international youth outlook obliterated my stereotyped notions of fat, placid Russian women.

Marcy received a reminder of Soviet censorship when Lena asked her to smuggle a letter out to her New Orleans boy friend. She said that she would meet Marcy at the Hermitage in the morning. Back in the marble kingdom of the subway, we caught the last evening train to our hotel.

Tuesday, October 14—Allocated a two room suite at the hotel, Marcy and I joked that the Soviet officials be-

lieved what they read about American professors. I imagined an official saying: "Give that pinko professor the rooms with the cut glass decanters, the Oriental rug, the desk and the sofa."

Offered a choice between a tour of old Leningrad or a visit to a housing factory, I opted for the chance to see Russia's pre-revolutionary capital. Since St. Petersburg rose from swampland by order of Peter the Great, it offers an interesting contrast to the planned cities of today. Every planner must at times dream about possessing the powers that allowed Peter to requisition endless quantities of workers and supplies. Although thousands died erecting the city, Peter didn't hesitate to level completed buildings if they clashed with a newer architectural scheme that he admired.

Peter established the framework of his frontier capital, but Elizabeth I, Catherine the Great, and Alexander I embellished it. Soviet leaders continue to conform to a law that forbids the construction of a building of greater height than the Winter Palace. Each Empress or Emperor after Peter favored a different architectural school, but most royal and public buildings complement the grand styles of the Eighteenth Century. Leningrad looks like a western European city, and its original sections remind one that Peter and his followers wished to show the West that Russians could erect even grander monuments than Louis XIV.

Our guide rushed us from place to place. The Hermitage was packed with school children, soldiers on leave, and tourists from the hinterlands. I speculated that the common man felt satisfaction from the fact that the Soviet Government had transformed these sanctuaries of privilege into museums for the people.

The group which inspected Leningrad's housing factory was impressed by the speed and efficiency of the Soviets' "systems" approach. This particular factory churned out 60,000 housing units a year. An apartment building is completed in four months. As we passed miles of apartments that looked like reformatories on our ride to the airport, I hoped that the factory wasn't producing such bleak products. Standing in mud and patches of grey grass, these buildings reminded me of George Orwell's descriptions of housing in 1984.

Our visit to Leningrad was like an abortive flirtation. We took an Aeroflot jet to Moscow that afternoon. Marcy and David Finks and I relished the irony of riding in first class seats. Possibly one pays a penalty for occupying these spaces. We noticed there weren't any windows.

That evening we walked around Red Square. St. Basil's Cathedral, with its multi-colored cupolas, was a symbol to me of Russia's non-Western heritage. It looks like a child's fantasy of a castle in a fairy tale. Confronted by the Kremlin wall lined with spruce trees, I paced about attempting to absorb Moscow's history from my contact with the cobblestones.

Wednesday, October 15—For reasons known only to Soviet bureaucrats, the tour of new urban developments was cancelled. We were free to sightsee on our own. Marcy and I wandered through the labyrinth of passages

in St. Basil's, before we walked along the outer Kremlin walls looking for the tourist entrance. After viewing the cluster of cathedrals inside the Kremlin, we wandered around some of the downtown streets. GUM, a three-level, sky-lighted department store with a fountain, sidewalks, and market place stalls, comprised a city within a city. A walk along the Moscow River gave me a good view of the skyline.

We attended the Bolshoi Ballet Company's performance of *Don Quixote* that evening. In a theater that resembles Lincoln Center we saw many stylish Russians who offered a contrast to the workers in the street. Only a poet could describe the beauty of the dance.

Thursday, October 16—Our holiday ended this morning. We were driven to see a new apartment complex in northern Moscow. This twelve-floor, 428-unit building wasn't quite completed. Experimenting with construction techniques, the builders erected the first five floors with traditional methods, while the top seven levels were prefabricated. Although it had an unfinished look about it, its occupants will live in flats that provide more space than many middle-class apartments in the U.S. Amid debris around the building, someone thought to provide a small park and play area.

Before taking us to a presentation on the Moscow plan, our guide showed us Cosmonaut Park. People living

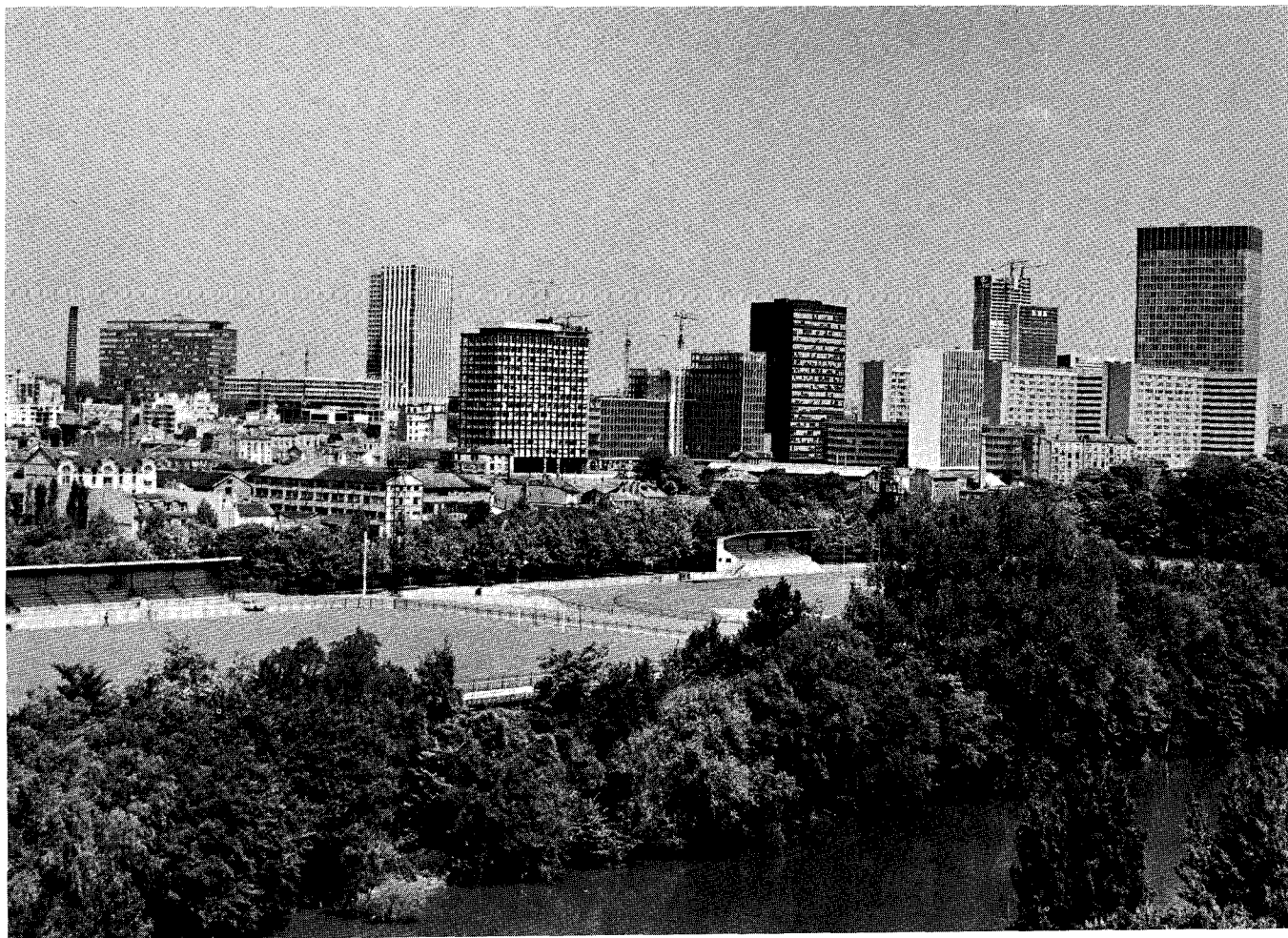
in apartments clustered around the park can utilize this large open space. This park was landscaped; many other parks and green spaces exist in Moscow, but they often look seedy and unkempt.

At the planning center we received a brief lecture on the proposed thirty year plan for the Moscow region. The plan represents an attempt to stabilize the city's population and to order its economic and social functions on a rational basis. In order to unclog the central core, all industries will be located in sixty-eight industrial zones on Moscow's periphery. Only skilled workers, professional people, and government employees will work downtown. A green belt will surround Moscow, and landscapes will carve a series of green wedges into the inner city. Whole districts outside Moscow will become weekend retreats.

Housing districts platted in suburban Moscow will contain extensive recreational space, while rapid transit will link residents to the inner city. Public transit will prevent the auto from imprisoning downtown Moscow, but a belt of thruways will coordinate movement in the outer zones. As a means of dispersing Moscow's congested population, a series of new towns will be built beyond the Greater Moscow region.

The Central Government presently evaluates this plan. If it receives government approval, no obstacles block

Completed buildings in the French city of La Defense.



JEAN BIAUGAUD

planners from implementing it. Public officials don't need to worry about private lobbies or irate neighborhood councils.

Since we were shown few projects, and since we are warned to be cynical of Soviet pronouncements, there was a tendency among tour members to write off our stay in Russia as a bizarre holiday. Reports indicate, however, that the Soviets make a substantial commitment to experiments in industrialized housing. If the quality of housing offends middle-class Americans, we must realize the proportions of the Soviet Union's housing crisis. Russians say they will worry about quality once their housing shortage ends.

Although we saw no new towns, a program of building cities remains a fixture in the government's domestic policy. Soviet planners seek to attract immigrants to new towns in Siberia, the Urals, and central Asia. It would certainly improve the world situation if Russia and the United States switched from an arms race to a competition in building new cities. ABM might stand for Artistically Built Metropolis.

Friday, October 17—Our first day in Paris was all business. We spent the morning listening to officials explain the Paris Regional Plan. Serge Goldberg, a planner in charge of a new city, outlined this area's post-war population explosion. Paris represents a cultural, economic, and social magnet, and in order to maintain a livable environment for a region that will contain fourteen million people in the year 2000, officials saw a need to establish an institution that would supersede the outmoded administrative functions of departments, cantons, and communes. A rather unwieldy body, the District of the Region of Paris, was created in 1961. The DRP sets social and economic guide lines for a 4,670-square-mile district that houses nine million people.

Included in the DRP master plan is a blueprint for building eight new cities and for renovating six old centers. The new cities act as population attractors and as central hubs in areas of the region where people and

industries are already moving. Officials hope that this strategy will preserve the forests and open spaces that still remain intact. The DRP proposes to link Paris with the new and revived communities by rapid transit.

Goldberg called the new town movement "a qualified success." Towns built along industrial corridors like the Seine valley have no trouble luring migrants and private developers. He concluded that the government has so far failed to devise ways to draw people and services to the declining and under-developed provinces of France.

French planners confront many problems that their counterparts in America also face. While they fight real estate lobbies over land appropriations, they steer poorly-financed programs around bureaucratic quagmires. Tour members applauded Goldberg's frank presentation.

That afternoon we visited La Defense. La Defense constitutes a new town *in town*. Located on the western perimeter of Paris, this satellite city will house several hundred thousand people by the 1980s. At present, all building takes place in the business section. Interspersed among thirty-floor office towers will be clusters of four-story apartments. A multi-level commercial and transportation center will operate as the city's communications network, and by late 1970, an extension of the metro will connect La Defense with all parts of Paris.

The national government established an agency in 1958 to make recommendations concerning the population and building sprawl in western Paris. This agency drafted plans for La Defense in 1960, and it began work on "zone one" in 1964. Tenants already occupy three office towers; nevertheless, cranes, bulldozers, dust, and workmen combine to provide the real motif for this region. A young architect strolled around the construction site with us. He was most enthusiastic about plans to separate pedestrians from automobiles, and he noted that a 15,000-student college will provide the city with an intellectual establishment and a flavor of youth.

Saturday, October 18—Today: only the pleasures of Paris.

AN EPILOGUE

After viewing all these projects and plans, I came home in a depressed state of mind. While America and Russian spend billions of dollars for armaments, countries like Finland and Sweden produce a higher quality of life for their peoples than either of these two world powers. Although they confront larger problems than their Scandinavian neighbors, Britain and France embark on rational policies to cope with urban processes. What diverts the United States from recognizing her domestic horrors? Why can't the world's technological and economic giant make her resources more available to her people's needs? Are militants who call for a revolution to eradicate an evil present and an irrelevant past

correct? Should we shuck off everything to start from scratch?

Starting with a clean slate sounds appealing. Nevertheless, a review of Europe's new cities reveals how planners use history to build the future. European planners acknowledge that they studied urban trends in America in order to avoid such consequences in their countries. Drawing freely from the past, continental architects and builders incorporate aspects of old cities into their new communities. Likewise, they retain in their old centers those features that preserve certain sections and neighborhoods as social and cultural magnets. A realistic appraisal of American history combined with a know-

ledge of world history might help us to understand how we produce such wealth without building livable cities.

One can depict American history as a people's settlement of a vast frontier. Until the Twentieth Century, this nation sought settlers to fill her spaces. A space shortage loomed as purely an academic problem until recent times. Although historian Frederick Jackson Turner announced in 1893 that America's frontier was closed, a tradition continues that man should own his acres in the country.

Since municipal boundaries were restricted due to transportation limitations, wasting space didn't become a virtue in American cities until streetcars and automobiles made the frontier spirit of constant movement viable in an urban setting. These inventions ensured a line of continuity from the farmers who moved West to avoid new neighbors, to today's suburbanites who abandon their congested suburbs to follow their real estate brokers to greener subdivisions a few miles further away from the city. This mania to own one's patch of crabgrass in the sun perpetuates the trend to carve up the landscape into millions of tiny lots crammed together without adequate space for recreation, privacy, or beauty. Before every piece of land in America's metropolitan areas contains a residential cubicle, a gas station, a burger-shake haven, or a parking lot, we need to absorb European traditions of conserving space. Americans might sacrifice a few feet of their crabgrass estates if they knew of the social and aesthetic benefits that people derive from the public parks and recreation areas that abound in Europe's old and new cities.

Colonization in America took place in an era of commercial capitalism. Ports like Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were shaped to serve the masters of their counting houses. Industrialism later created new cities and added dimensions to older centers. Since businessmen dominated American cities, they fashioned urban areas according to economic motives. Social amenities vanished if they blocked business expansion. Such an ethos produced warehouses instead of promenades on municipal water fronts.

Economic factors also affected European cities. Nevertheless, Europe's capitals stood as religious, cultural, and administrative centers before the commercial and industrial revolutions. Although they made room for warehouses and factories, they never relinquished their older roles. While industries and commercial houses sprouted in certain zones, the medieval and baroque sections of these cities remained intact. Since wilderness covered America's urban sites when Europe's cities reflected the life styles of bishops and princes, it is unrealistic for us to expect Chicago to contain its counterparts to the Louvre and Notre Dame.

In addition to their roles as economic appendages, American cities succumbed to a series of migrations that made these centers containers of conflict and social problems. Waves of European immigrants competed with native Americans for jobs, housing, and other needs. Southern black migrants continued these patterns when they poured into northern cities for the first seven dec-

ades of this century. For all these reasons, American intellectuals linked their cities with Gomorrah, while European scholars and artists viewed cities as the sources of civilization.

Such a discussion indicates that historic differences exist between European and American cities. It does not, however, help us to plot the future. Facsimiles of Paris or Stockholm may never exist on this continent, but can we build our Tapiolas?

No lack of resources blocks America from reviving old cities and constructing new communities. Reston, Virginia, a new town outside Washington, D.C., shows that Americans can match Europeans in drawing creative physical plans. Nevertheless, Reston's history reveals some dangers that confront new city advocates. Conceived as a center that would provide homes and jobs for a broad mixture of peoples, Reston turned into an upper-middle class bedroom suburb after its original developers sold their interests to Gulf Oil.

Altruistic private individuals or groups may find it impossible to achieve social goals while working within the framework of present real estate and construction practices. At the same time, speculators may simply borrow new city architectural and planning techniques to build improved enclaves for this country's professional and business elites. Just as entrepreneurs bastardized Ebenezer Howard's garden city concept by creating landscaped residential sanctuaries like Shaker Heights, Ohio, so may profit-seekers convert Heikki von Hertzen's Tapiola plans into Shangrilas for the rich.

Simply constructing new physical cities represents no panacea. Such projects might accentuate rather than reduce the segregation of society into homogeneous class and ethnic groups. A preoccupation with new centers could also lead to an increased neglect of old cities. Members of the urban-humanitarian complex should oppose a new city policy that foreshadows such consequences. Sponsoring new communities only makes sense as an integral part of a national strategy to reinvigorate the physical and social environment.

If developers stipulate that a potpourri of economic and social groups reside in their projects, then new communities could help to reverse this trend toward group isolation which inventions like the automobile enhanced. Socially-integrated new centers that provide a higher quality of life than the suburbs could lure people back into communities with a healthier mixture of classes. By utilizing architectural and planning experiments and by rediscovering forgotten urban forms and patterns, new city builders could make their centers the social laboratories of the nation.

By providing housing for both the inner-city poor and suburbanites, new cities can help ease the pressures caused by megalopolis. If many ghetto dwellers can escape to niches in a new community, then slum clearance and renovation programs can proceed without creating an even larger housing crisis. Projects like Thamesmead and La Defense indicate that planners can erect creative new centers within the boundaries of the old city. Such

new towns in town offer opportunities for people who need better housing and service facilities, but who cannot or will not move out of the old city.

The Stockholm sub-center is another appropriate model for American planners to copy. Built as satellites rather than as duplicates of the large city, these centers may adopt a number of shapes and sizes. As providers of housing, recreation, and shopping facilities, they also connect residents to inner-city jobs by means of a public transit system. Since they represent less ambitious and expensive projects than large self-contained new cities or new towns in town, sub-centers could rise rather quickly under the goading of a strong public agency. Satellites could house workers who must now make long journeys from their inner-city residences to suburban factories.

Europe no longer holds a monopoly on examples for establishing public new city policies. New York offers a precedent for other state governments to create public corporations empowered to plan and build new communities. Projects of the New York State Urban Development Corporation remain in such early phases that they cannot be fairly evaluated, but this corporation possesses sufficient power and money to operate on a large scale, and its leaders study European developments. Its blueprint for a new town for 20,000 people on a small island across from Manhattan displays a creative combination of physical and social planning.

One should not think of new communities in terms of one form. They can serve numerous functions. Planners, therefore, should envision centers for different population sizes that reflect a host of life styles. Projects can range from a cluster of apartments, shops, and public spaces to a city of one million.

An acceptance of many physical forms will keep planners flexible enough to incorporate new technological developments into their blueprints for future communities. Thamesmead stands as an example of a creative utilization of systems building in a new town. Paolo Soleri's drawings of cities shaped like towering vertical beehives depict one architect's vision for preventing megalopolis, while Buckminster Fuller's concept of a house that is unattached to the earth for its utilities offers hundreds of possibilities for unique living arrangements. Critics who fear that planned societies will stifle creativity should attempt to envision the incredible amount of talent and imagination that it will take to build and to sustain communities that nourish rather than exploit man and his environment.

Planners should function merely as coordinators of this mobilization of human talent. Instead of acting like Plato's guardians drafting laws for the Republic, a growing band of urban specialists who call themselves advocate planners seek to translate the thoughts of various social groups into blueprints for projects. Such a process for filtering the often inarticulate ideas of different peoples will prevent new cities from arising as alter egos of their planners.

Nevertheless, in a country composed of a plethora of different and often conflicting peoples, will it be possible

for a plan to emerge from a system in which every group promotes its own vision of utopia? Will advocate planning lead to the construction of modern towers of Babel? Possibly the irreconcilable issues residing in America's social diversity can be overcome if the laws sponsoring new communities allow for plural developments. New town laws must incorporate guidelines that establish procedural limitations on participatory democracy. Projects should not be stalled indefinitely by rhetoric.

It's a bit futile to outline subtle procedures for new community programs that don't exist. Such a useless exercise induces me to make a final comment about our tour. After witnessing Europe's accomplishments, many tour members experienced a new sense of frustration about their jobs at home. Their travels made them fully conscious of the Sisyphean labors of an American urban specialist. Knowing that Europe's architects, social workers, and planners achieved results, these Americans were reluctant to go on rolling rocks that were destined to tumble back to their original positions.

Bob Macon sat with us on the plane back to New York. Although he joked and laughed with us, he was clearly depressed about returning to Rochester. His life savings were tied up in a housing project for low-income black families. Depending upon the Federal Housing Administration for long term credit, he began to doubt if he and the FHA bureaucrats would ever shuffle through all the papers required to complete an agreement. He cursed the labyrinth of procedures involved in such projects. "Can you imagine the forms that the technocrats would devise for building a new city?" exclaimed Macon. It was with this kind of glum forecast that our trip ended.

Since last October, a movement arises that offers hope for people involved with improving urban life. Americans begin to show concern over the condition of their environment. Urbanologists should tie themselves to this movement. It is necessary to convince citizens that the social and physical environment is indivisible.

Instead of viewing air, water, and land pollution as strictly technological problems for engineers, people must realize that a society's life style determines its relationship with the environment. The death of Lake Erie, slum housing, smog, and an atrophied public school system evolved from the same value system. An automobile culture that fills the atmosphere with poisoned air and that covers the landscape with concrete blight, also segregates the rich, the poor, and the silent middle into their respective ghettos.

Will people be lulled into thinking that a bit of tinkering by chemists, biologists and engineers will suffice to solve our problems, or will Americans realize that they must examine the way they live? Once people begin to question their own life patterns, new community planners may become as popular as pro-football quarterbacks. Nevertheless, it is difficult to imagine a future day when grade-schoolers will swap four Joe Namath bubble-gum cards for one Heikki von Hertzen.

REVIEWS

Pieces, by Robert Creeley. Scribner's. \$4.50 hardbound; \$1.95 paper

It's hard when you've consistently admired a poet to admit disappointment in what he does. But when you keep coming back to that feeling, it has to be confessed. Creeley is among the dozen most important poets writing in English today and *Pieces* is a real attempt to write his kind of long poem. On the whole it's not a success.

The book derives from nothing so much as *Paterson*; it even makes some specific references in that direction. As far back as *For Love*, of course, Williams was a major influence, not an undigested but an assimilated one. From Williams, Creeley learned the tendency to make the speaking voice a point of view which would try to identify with the thing perceived until it was both the creator of the thing and the thing itself.

As the cat
climbed over
the top of

the jamcloset
first the right
forefoot

carefully
then the hind . . .

(Williams, from "Poem")

Mud put
upon mud,
lifted
to make room,

house
a cave,
and
colder night.

(Creeley, from "The House")

This continued in *Words*, but there the place of things in the world rendered as an activity of perception (that root of Williams which Lever-
tov has developed more than anyone) was less important than the speaker's voice cautiously talking to and about itself as if listening for its own echoes. Now it was evident that the subject of Creeley's talk could only be discovered in the process of discussing words' failures to hold on to experience—even as these words were its embodiments.

The mind

fast as it goes, loses

pace, puts in place of it
like rocks simple markers,
for a way only to
hopefully come back to

where it cannot. All
forgets. My mind sinks.
I hold in both hands such weight
it is my only description.

("I Keep to Myself Such Measures")

The individualized Creeley idiom took shape here: the self-conscious, stylized use of flat, monosyllabic words archly spaced on the page as if they were building blocks so that we can read connectives and prepositions with as much weight as if they were nominal:

With a quick
jump he caught
the edge of

her eye and
it tore, down,
ripping. She

shuddered,
with the unexpected
assault, but

to his vantage
he held by
what flesh was left.

("Hello")

This idiom was so perfected you could try "Creeley talk" out on your friends. And why not? What's open to real parody unless it's individual?

But in *Pieces* Creeley has taken off from the tradition of the American epic which *Paterson* follows to write a more personal poem which tries to objectify his own fragmentation. That old American epic quest for relationship between self and other in the midst of cultural and individual chaos is as old as *Leaves of Grass* and as continuing as *The Maximus Poems*, A-1-12 and Snyder's *The Back Country*. Creeley gives up, however, the framework of narrative, history, persona or landscape for a concentration on the self and its words over time, calling into question the validity of expressing the self at all in words. This is the book's major break with tradition, its innovation. What loosely places *Pieces* in that American epic tradition, though, is the definition of a self through language and the self-generating motion of the speaker's words with their ringing insistence on self-renewal and the consequent flat passages where self and language are re-charged.

In the search for that re-charging, Creeley risks some genuine open middles where the poem willingly floats for awhile without direction. Sometimes the result is exciting, sometimes it's tedious. *Paterson* tried this, too, but it always had its self-confected mythology to fall back on. Creeley's chancier delimitation leaves

him only himself and the words as they occur. And they do *occur*; some really seem diary entries without dates.

Pieces' speaker makes a shadowy journey across parts of geographic and thematic America; he tries to connect somewhat with others, but most of this concern is for fleshing and questioning his own vision of language and reality as it emerges in words. The form of an object or experience—Creeley's rendering of his relationship to it in an enacting language—is still one of his primary interests:

No forms less
than activity.

All words—
days—or
eyes—

or happening
is an event only
for the observer?

But in the midst of the voice's stumbling, it will come out with a whole, rounded-off poem in its own authentic idiom:

Push yourself in on others
hard enough, they beat you
with sticks and whips—the birth

of love. E.g. affection aroused,
it moves to be close, touch, and
feel the warm livingness of an-

other, any other, sucked, stroked,
the club itself possibly a symbol of
the obvious. My mother had hair,

and when I grew older, so did
I, all over my face, which I wanted
to be there, and grew a beard hence-
forth.

("The Boy")

The concern with mediating the relationship between inner and outer—in and across the self—is related to the spatial-temporal problem of hereness-thereness and facts vs. abstractions: these weave through the whole book. From the spare, enacting language of the early poems, Creeley moves into sections interlocking easily in image or theme (echoes, distance, movement and vision) and on to a

range of discontinuities where the connections seem overly private and the language extremely self-conscious if not pretentious. Look at these three quotations, from the beginning, middle and end respectively:

I cannot see you
there for what you
thought you were.

The faded memories
myself enclose
passing too.

Your opaqueness at moments,
would be the mirror. Your
face closed as a door-

that insists on nothing,
but not to be entered-
wanting simply to be left alone.

Each moment constitutes reality,
or rather may constitute
reality, or may have done
so, or perhaps will?

Good? Hardly. Even in the first quotation the language of maxim is far removed from the gnomic originality of *For Love* examples such as "Be wet with a decent happiness" or "There is no more giving in/ When there is no more sin."

In the sequence "Numbers" Creeley plunges into the numerology he uses as image-source throughout to do a full theme and variation on the ontological problems that elsewhere seem rather trumped-up. If the sequence is sometimes predictable, its relations of form and subject are always skillfully fused and fun to follow:

Three

They come now with
one in the middle-
either side thus
another. Do they

know who each other
is or simply walk
with this pivot between them.
Here forms have possibility.

As in *Paterson*, Creeley drops prose passages into chinks between poems. Most of them are his own and represent more undistilled ex-

perience than what is in the "poetry" or are abstractly agonized reflections on the problems of being, of expression or relation to others:

When and/or if, as,-however, you
do "speak" to people, i.e. as con-
dition of the circumstance (as
Latin: "what's around" a/n "im
(in) pression." "I'll *crush* you to
"death" - "flying home."

These passages vary the poem's texture but could have been used to represent a variety of "reality" against which the poems could play as "made" objects. If this seems like rewriting of the book, it's at least a more organic approach to prose included with poetry than Creeley's merely mechanical distinction in *Pieces*.

Consistent with the poem's progressive deterioration in language is its loss of a social-political landscape present in the early pages ("Chicago," "NYC," "America," "Citizen," "The Puritan Ethos," "The Province," "Calendar."); there seems no functional reason for this disappearance; its sporadic re-appearances are not very convincing:

"It's rare that the city of Buffalo
gets to shape its own destiny . . ."

Take advantage of this,
take advantage of what's downtown
and link the two with a
rapid transit system . . .

I wish, too, with the poem's hyper-conscious and atomized language there were more moments of genuine self-mockery like this one: "Lift me/ from such I/ makes such declaration." Without them, many readers are going to find the voice overly-earnest and turn off.

Perhaps I'm approaching *Pieces* with too many of those earlier, iconic Creeley poems already in my head; if so, I can blame Creeley for writing so individually and convincingly in *For Love and Words*. Whenever I read him I think of two other poets who may or may not have been "influences" but who each knew how to confront emptiness—as he does—in an individual way: Dickinson and Mallarmé. Both, like Creeley, often wrenched their poems into com-

pressed lines that seem to bend as you read. And haunted, though in very different ways, by the *beyond* as lover-God or *l'azur*, which is finally unapproachable, both Dickinson and Mallarmé fall back into the domain of limited self which Creeley begins from. In his earlier poems Creeley has made the poem itself that act of reaching out beyond himself—even when he sounds onanistic. In

For Love and Words Creeley wrote by listening to himself as he spoke; we were a part of that echo and in some sense he wrote emblematically for us in merely being himself. I grant him the right to share his fragments, but has he cleared a space for us among the ruins in *Pieces* where we can sit down and listen? So we can speak, too?

—Peter Cooley

STEPHEN DOBYNS

AID AND ASSISTANCE IN DIFFICULT TIMES

Not just words but facial expressions—these
I will send to you upon need; carefully packed
in stone jars with drawings from the old masters—
Dachau, Dresden. The exhaustion of trees is telling,
but it is not my story. The elms have nearly
completed their protest. They stretch their branches,
but refuse the sun. Sparrows drop from them
like seeds. There are gifts for any occasion.
We have tamed our animals, drawn their claws
for our easier needs. Most dogs are sleeping.
We rarely eat what we kill. Mythological creatures
sink deeper and deeper into the mud of our learning.
Sympathy has no alphabet. Do not ask the obvious.
Wherever you go, you will be unlimited.
We must support each other in our errors.
I shall send aid and comfortable sayings
for the holiday seasons. Already there is snow
collecting in easy preparation. Two jars
with half smiles have been wrapped and labeled.
Not all the animals are missing. There
is a rope from the clouds. There is a griffin
carved upon the handle in my hand.

Art and Pornography: An Experiment in Explanation, by Morse Peckham.
Basic Books. \$6.95

A volume in the series *Studies in Sex and Society* sponsored by the Institute for Sex Research, Morse Peckham's *Art and Pornography* is a far-ranging and detailed analysis of the *raison d'être* of pornography. Author of *Beyond the Tragic Vision* and *Man's Rage for Chaos*, Peckham may initially strike the reader as an unlikely writer for the present study, since it can only be a distant tangent to his forte of Comparative Literature. This seeming dissonance between the author and the work is just that — merely seeming. Peckham brings to his materials an incredibly discerning and analytic mind, and his own endeavors as literary and cultural critic are the solid foundation upon which he explores the long historical place which pornography has played in the social fabric of the past and present. The great measure of Peckham's success will be in the extent to which he disabuses the "popular mind" of the notion that there is an answer to the recurrent social anomaly of pornography. When the intellectual smoke clears, we will see that the righteous have been relieved of a little of their steam.

This book is a study of the interdependence of art, pornography, and sexual behavior, and of the function of pornography in "the various modes of human behavior we name personality, culture, and society." It is an experiment in explanation, and not an attempt to deal with the attendant legal and moral reservations on pornography. Directed more specifically to the sociologist, the psychologist, and the student of artistic behavior, *Art and Pornography* may well, the author hopes, offer new ways for the general public to think about pornography. Peckham writes: "My immodest wish is to pass on to my readers the same sense of intellectual contradiction and incoherence I feel myself, the acceptance of which is, it may be, our only real excuse for

hope." Both the issues and the answers of pornography are more radically paradoxical than the fundamentalists would like to have us believe; the strain of pornographic interests cuts deeply into human nature and behavior. Peckham's best achievement is the portrayal of the complex interrelations between the social context and pornography. Both its role in history and society are here interpreted with real ingenuity and a genuine wit for this "messy and scandalous subject."

In a confined space it is impossible to do justice to Peckham's "explanation," but the intricacy of some issues can be indicated. The basic structure of *Art and Pornography* centers around four explorations: 1) What is Pornography? 2) The Art of Pornography, 3) An Explanation for Pornography, and 4) Pornography and Culture.

In all attempts to define pornography, a vital and pervasive tension is present: the twin forces of stability and freedom permit no absolute solution, no stasis between the contenders. The principle of social stability enmeshes the citizen in a culture of conformity, a context in which the unique individuation of the citizen is channelized by a set of rules designed to secure a formal social order. The force in direct conflict with the yearnings for stability is the principle of freedom of expression. In its stronger form, this urge has its absolute value and justification in that only such a principle "makes it possible to discover new truths and get rid of old illusions." Under such a tension of values, the reactionary is "committed to the proposition that what holds a society together is its stable belief in unquestioned truths, and that holding a society together is the highest human value." Peckham's alternate analyses of these contending forces is obviously not a dogmatic rendering, but a tenuous appreciation of the social contexts out of which these values take form.

Against this background of value tensions, definitions of pornography are delivered and demolished with incredible rapidity. The chairman of

the Georgia State Literature Commission put the issue quite succinctly: "I don't discriminate between nude women whether or not they are art. It's all lustful to me." But Peckham maintains that it is not "the moral offense against common decency" that is the real clue in the Georgian's definition: it is "the transgression of accepted beliefs by freedom of expression that is offensive. To the anti-intellectual, beliefs do not have to be rational to be valuable, they merely have to be beliefs." The hope for a settlement of these cross-tensions—stability and freedom—is an illusion, since the interests of both parties are political and ultimately social. "Both profess to have at heart what is good for society, but one is interested in the competency and mastery of transgressing rules and the other in the competency of obeying them and in the mastery of making others obey them."

One of the primary objectives of Peckham's study has been to explore the attendant confusion which usually surrounds any public discussion of pornography. With rare exceptions, Peckham finds that most definitions of pornography proceed from the assumption that it is a dysfunctional phenomenon, "that somehow or other it damages the life processes of individuals and of those kinds of relations among individuals we categorize under the terms 'society' and 'culture'." Peckham approaches the problem (if indeed that is now the correct word!) from the opposite point of view: "Is it not possible that pornographic behavior may be functional, that it is a strategy of significance, perhaps even of great importance, in the conduct of the individual's life and his culture?" Must anything so widespread and which engages the interest of "untold millions" necessarily be dysfunctional? Great tracts of Peckham's "explanation" are efforts to see the question of the "forbidden" in the larger framework of social order.

Although not radically new in concept, one of Peckham's most intriguing explorations is "the diversionary theory." The essential value of any taboo may well be that it diverts at-

tention from more serious challenges in the belief system (which makes human behavior predictable). He writes: "Policing the trivial diverts attention from what is really important, the necessary adequacy of the belief system in truly vital matters, economic production and the social structure which controls the distribution of goods and services, for it is obvious that the essential desideratum of human life, predictability, is of supremest importance in the area of economic expectancy." Whether one's interests are in asserting the adequacy of the current belief system or in exposing its inadequacies is here extraneous; the important point is that both positions are absolutely justified — and "there is no lasting appeal from either." The expansion and contraction of available pornography then plays an important cultural role in the social management of peoples. The inordinate emphasis on sexuality is itself diversionary from the genuinely obscene lapse in our belief system — war, bigotry, greed, sickness, poverty and immoral power.

In the final chapter, "Pornography and Culture," Peckham advances an exceedingly complex analysis and argument for what we must eventually have the courage to be: bored with the trivial, specifically the pornographic — a courage that will depend upon the pornographic observer's perception of himself as playing the role of pornographic observer. "If you choose Hell," he writes, "you can spend eternity enjoying yourself, but if you have the intelligence and the courage to be bored, you can go to Heaven and work at correcting the inadequacies of the belief system."

On the other hand, and from a historical perspective, the steadily rising "pornocopia" of recent decades may be a phase in the cultural maturation of our country. "Pornography may very well be the great key which has freed the energy locked into the trivial by social management. It may prove a Pandora's box, in which the most terrible demon was Hope, another name for which is Illusion." Pornography is not peripheral to our

culture; it is central. The great value of Peckham's "experiment in explanation" has been to render a totally new perspective on the problem, to see the issues not in the restrictive context of policing and evasion, but to develop a positive and functional view of this pervasive phenomenon. The rise in pornography is, in Peckham's judgement, hopelessly inter-related to the waves of innovation — from all quarters — which seek to question the adequacy of our belief systems. It is not the "System" or the "Establishment" that has viciously locked into the trivial the free energy otherwise available for innovation. "Mankind itself has locked itself into the trivial in order to protect itself against innovation, a protection which can never be complete." We must now judiciously decide how much more innovation our culture can tolerate. Peckham's *Art and Pornography* is a great center of reflection toward that crucial future decision.

—Daniel J. Cahill

The Selling of the President 1968, by Joe McGinniss. Trident. \$5.95

For those who choose to believe that the mass media, and most particularly television, are the crucial factors in determining the electoral behavior of the American voter, McGinniss has assembled a document of some significance. Whatever the authenticity of the conversationally narrative style of the body of the text, we may assume the dialogues reported as plausible — if not actual — given the level of the author's participation in the campaign. And certainly the appendices provide an array of documentary examples unmatched in completeness and candor by other inside-glimpses at presidential press-agentry. Having said this, we are faced with the problem of the "selling" of the presidency as an explanation of the present political landscape.

Well-placed commentators, currently highlighted by Vice President Agnew, have attempted to tell us for some time that the American political

scene is in imminent danger of being obfuscated, controlled, enlightened or having something else done to it by the mass media. Their model of explanation goes something like this: Since the minds and actions of "people" acting and meditating in the political realms are infinitely malleable and since that malleability is most effectively influenced by the currently most penetrating devices of propaganda — e.g., television as the present devil (or savior) — the most significant thing that a political explanation can do is to look to the behavior of "leaders" as they operate in that or those media. Rather than analyze the probably inadequate epistemological grounds by which that conception is sustained, we shall here only note in passing that currently most serious analyses of political socialization controvert those assumptions on a variety of grounds. McGinniss has, to his credit, identified Daniel Boorstin as one of those who operates within one of the extrapolations of the above model. Unfortunately that "common sense" model, like the notion of "conspiracy" so dear to the "minds" of the unlettered — and even some of the lettered — provides a ready market for a spate of politically irrelevant material.

In this work we are led through the labyrinthine activities of the Nixon advisors while they attempt to project the most credible image of the "presidential" Nixon. The tedious activity of perfecting just the right phrase, the proper gesture, the melding of time and action and the specification of audience is assayed with perceptive skill. Nor are we spared the nuances of the disagreements between the "technical" and "political" advisors as they are worked out through the process of image-building. And as a bonus we are treated to some feeling for the sublimation of private lives into a public offering.

But what would be necessary to show that somehow Mr. Nixon was "sold" into the presidency? The theme of the work indicates that this was in fact accomplished, despite the president's ambiguous personal qualities, by this team of media specialists

working within the limitations set by the political advisors. At no point are we given an adequate comparative analysis of the activities of the Humphreyites who, though they may have been inept, were not non-existent (we do, for example, know that the dismissed Doyle, Dane and Bernbach worked on a similar "sales" effort). But even if we accept the notion that Nixon's men were "better" men — more able to manipulate minds and votes — we can not tell whether it was television or some other medium which accomplished this feat.

In this reviewer's opinion, the empirical evidence which vitiates the thesis and argument is to be found in the voting behavior of the "sold" people as they moved to the polls. Not only did Mr. Nixon convince fewer people that he should be president in 1968 than he did in 1960 (31 million vs. 34 million) but he ran *behind* the Eisenhower vote of 1952 (34 million) despite an expanded electorate. If we further ask which states a "sold" president carried in 1968 that an "unsold" aspirant did not carry in 1960 we find there were eight — and two moved the other way. Again our proof of "sales" eludes us for Mr. Nixon ran *ahead* of his 1960 vote in only four of the eight and the net shift in the vote in the ten "swing" states was about 260 thousand votes: about 1/2 of 1% of the total vote cast in 1968. Those votes were crucial for the outcome of the election, but they hardly constitute a restructuring of the American political system by television "sales" or "image." So we must agree with Angus Campbell's statement that, "Despite its capacity for immediate visual presentation, television has not proved as revolutionary a medium of political communication as many expected it would."

But like *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall*, the *Selling of the President* is (despite its thetical inadequacy) a must for the cognoscenti in American politics, being an example of telling it like it is *thought* to be by some of the participants in the great game of politics.

—Alvin Abbott

Since the NAR's opinion of scholarly articles is, in general, unprintable, we incline to enforce our prejudice by not printing them. Still, we are a university publication, and it would be ill-mannered of us not to make an occasional bow in the direction of the academy—particularly in the case of an article whose value to the society-at-large transcends the ordinary limits of pedantry. The article which follows should be read, in a professorial tone of voice, to children at bedtime.

Semantics and Dental Care

Upon his first visit to some dentists, a patient is given a form to complete with pertinent information. One of the questions on such a form may be "What do you think of your teeth?" Presumably this question gives the dentist some insight into the patient's attitude—be it serious, sporadically concerned, or downright cavalier—toward his dental process. The answers gained from such a question may range from "They're in good shape," "One of them hurts," "I've had a lot of trouble with them," "They're soft," to a playful "They're mine and I love them."

The thesis of this essay is that, though it is important to consider *what* the patient thinks of his teeth, it may be just as important to find out *how* he thinks of his teeth. More specifically, the patient's "dental vocabulary" structures his thinking about his whole dental process; that structured thought is responsible to a great extent for the condition of his dentition and his entire dental structure.

Semantics—the study of meaning—concerns itself in part with the structure of vocabulary. Studies of languages (particularly American-Indian languages) have led to the so-called Sapir-Whorf Hypothesis: that each language contains a "hidden

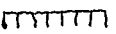
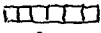
metaphysics," and that one's language determines the way that he divides his world. Benjamin Lee Whorf has written:

The linguistic system of each language is not merely a reproducing system for voicing ideas, but rather is itself the shaper of ideas, the program and guide for the individual's mental activity, for his analysis of impressions, for his synthesis of his mental stock in trade We dissect nature along lines laid down by our native language.

Color terms afford one kind of example. One usual English division of a part of the spectrum is yellow, green, blue. For the same section of the spectrum, Russian uses *zhyoltyj*, *zelyonyj*, *sinij*, and *goluboj*. That is, Russian uses four divisions where English uses only three. The point is that though the spectrum produces vibrations which cause the eye rods and cones to react in the same way, the division of these vibratory effects into vocabulary items differs from one language to another.

A less exotic example: to a non-golfer, one may strike a golf ball in such a way that it curves in its flight. It "curves," period. To a golfer, it is important whether the ball curves to the right or to the left; the golfer

then sees the flight of the ball as a *slice* or a *hook*. Other examples might be cited, but, in summary, both the Russian and the non-Russian, and the golfer and the non-golfer may "see" the same world and the same actions; yet each divides his perception and talks about it differently.

It would seem obvious, then, that dental professionals would divide the dental process differently from the layman. In a recent informal experiment, I asked approximately one hundred college students to draw a picture of their teeth. Approximately two-thirds of the students drew a series of "open boxes" indicating, apparently to their satisfaction, their idea of *teeth*: . Another approximate third indicated a single line below the boxes: . Two people drew a series of squares in an ellipse, and only one person drew anything below his indication of the gingival line, thus indicating "roots." The experiment seems to indicate two things: first, that very few people think of the portion of the tooth below the crown; and second, that *teeth* would seem to indicate to most laymen primarily the labial surface of the incisors, if we are to judge by the shape of the teeth in the drawing.

The presence, in the dental professional's vocabulary, of very specific words for the various types of teeth

and for their surfaces, coupled with the lack of such specific words in the layman's vocabulary, would seem to indicate two kinds of thinking about dentition. Whereas the dental professional is acutely aware of sections of dentition, dental surfaces, and the complexities of the dental process, the layman, not having such specific words, would tend to regard *teeth* and *gums* as a true division (perhaps the only division) of his dental structure.

Consider the consequences of having (or of not having) a specific dental vocabulary. Dental care, to the dental professional, consists of *cleaning* the various dental surfaces (labial, buccal, lingual, occlusal, and—if it is possible—the distal and mesial), and of stimulating the gingival tissues, including the area between the inter-proximate surfaces. Dental care, to the layman, consists of *brushing* the teeth and removing food particles lodged between them. Notice the difference in the vocabulary, both in number of items and degree of specificity of items.

It is notable that the layman thinks of *brushing* the teeth instead of *cleaning* the teeth with a brush. As a result of such general thinking, the layman may believe that he has cared for his teeth when he has brushed them. "To brush," however, has the connotation of a light, grazing action. We speak of a "brush with death," "brushing against a surface," "having a brush (argument) with someone." All of these uses of "brush" have the connotation of a brief encounter or a skirmish. The layman, limited by his vocabulary, may feel that he has finished the job of dental care after he has had a brief encounter with his teeth, using a brush. And in that brushing, he seems to be concerned primarily with the labial surface of the incisors, a very restricted concern not helped at all by

television toothpaste commercials featuring pretty young girls baring their incisors at the camera.

Not only the number of vocabulary items but also the composition of those items is important. The layman's vocabulary of tooth names is composed primarily of compounds in contrast to the single word vocabulary of the dental professional. Consider the following:

Layman Terms	Dental Professional Terms
front teeth	incisors
eye teeth	cuspid
back teeth	bicuspid and molars
wisdom teeth	lower (third) molars

The term *wisdom teeth* is especially interesting. The dental professional limits the term to the lower third molars (*Dens Sapientia*), while the laymen's term is more general and includes all four of the third molars. Many laymen have solemnly told me that the "upper wisdom teeth" are always easier to pull.

The layman's vocabulary, then, seems to indicate position or to have some metaphorical connotation (*eye teeth, wisdom teeth*). The professional vocabulary, on the other hand, sections the mouth in terms of a strict classification of tooth types.

Roger Brown (in *Words and Things*) has noted:

Many other things equal, the presence in someone's vocabulary of a one-word name for a category instead of a phrase name should indicate a superior cognitive availability of the classifying principle involved.

In other words, a one-word name should indicate that the user of that name knows more about the classification of the name's referent than one who uses a phrase name, including a compound. Thus, the dental professional actually has more tools

at his disposal for perceiving the dental process and is more cognizant of the dental system than the layman.

(General semantics warns, incidentally, against an attitude of "allness," that is, a belief that one knows "all" about any particular item or process. Yet it is the layman who, perhaps unconsciously, assumes that he knows all about disease. Governed by his past experience, the layman believes that any disease hurts, and "dental disease" is equal to "ache." Such a person is usually shocked to find that he has any dental disease when it is not accompanied with pain. He has unconsciously assumed that disease causes pain, though the assumption does not match reality, and exhibits a reaction of disbelief to a diagnosis and explanation of his own chronic periodontitis. The notion of allness has allowed the layman to state to himself "My gums are sensitive and red" and he finds it difficult to admit "My gums are diseased." Perhaps he is unconsciously saying to himself, "But I *know* that *all* disease causes pain.")

It is the layman's very general limited dental vocabulary, I believe, that can be blamed for much improper dental care. Since he does not have specific words for sections of dentition, surfaces, and the dental process, he contents himself with the generalities that he does have, and therefore treats his teeth in a general way. Our vocabulary structures our thinking, and the general terms *front teeth, back teeth*, and so forth lead to a general assessment that can be a forerunner of dental disease.

Perhaps an inadequate vocabulary description of the dental process is better than none at all; however, it would seem that a rather specialized dental vocabulary would give one a perception necessary for better dental care.

—Valdon L. Johnson

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